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THE announcement in Denmark that gas masks of various sizes, provided by the Danish Army Technical Corps, will shortly be on sale for the civilian population is only one indication of the state of mind which Germany's policy has created amongst her neighbours. Small, unarmed countries have no remedy except to equip their citizens against poison gas and to protest when their frontiers are violated and their citizens assaulted. These attacks on peaceful foreigners in Germany continue without interruption, in spite of official promises. Hitler's latest achievement is openly to quarrel with Soviet Russia, which had shown every desire to continue on good terms with him. Russia is big enough to retaliate, and the arrest of Soviet journalists in Germany has been followed by the expulsion from Russia of German correspondents, including the press attaché at the German Embassy, who has no diplomatic immunity. Hitler may fairly claim to have achieved the astonishing feat of providing Germany with that complete circle of hostile neighbours of which he has so bitterly complained.

Fascism in Austria

It is not quite certain yet what sort of a chicken it will be that has come out of Dr. Dollfuss's egg. He himself protests against labelling it Fascist. But his first lieutenant, the redoubtable Major Fey, is a good Black Shirt, and Prince Starhemberg is so well content with the little Chancellor that he has made him a present of the Heimwehr, which is completely and avowedly Fascist. Dr. Dollfuss is at present in Geneva, and it is probable that there will be no startling developments till his return to Vienna. A slight flutter has been caused by pronouncements from the exiled Archduke Otto, to the effect that he disapproves of Fascism and would like to be a constitutional king of Austria on the British model. But the chances of a Habsburg restoration, in face of the opposition it would provoke both at home and abroad, cannot be taken very seriously. What does promise to be serious is the attitude of the dictatorship to the Socialists. They have hitherto given their passive support to Dr. Dollfuss, *faute de mieux*; but now that he has "gone Black" the situation is changed. If he is to satisfy Starhemberg, he will presumably have to attack the Socialists with horse, foot and artillery. They on their side are preparing for a general strike.

The Leipzig Trial

So far the chief features of the trial at Leipzig are the extraordinary behaviour of Van der Lubbe and the striking defence offered by Dimitrov and Torgler, in spite of the obstacles put in their way by the Court. It is now admitted that the accused have been in handcuffs chained to the wall for six months. Whether the effect of this treatment on a low-grade mentality like Van der Lubbe's is sufficient to explain his mumbling, incoherent and contradictory replies we do not know. It has not been sufficient to tame the spirit of the other prisoners, and continued rebukes

and threats by the President of the Court have failed to prevent Dimitrov and Torgler from appearing in the eyes of unprejudiced correspondents rather as prosecutors of the Nazis than defendants on trial. The Court itself seems sensitive and on the defensive, and the deference of the President to Judge Vogt, who gave evidence of the preliminary examination, is in itself an indication of the forces behind the trial. What is one to make of a trial in which, when defending Counsel asks whether unfair means have been used to induce one accused man to incriminate another, the witness is allowed by way of reply—we quote Mr. A. J. Cummings in the *News-Chronicle*—to say: "First of all I am a German. Secondly, my name is Vogt"? That in itself scarcely seems conclusive. Important evidence for the defence has been refused: no independent witnesses can come forward and the speeches of the prisoners are suppressed in the German newspapers. The best hope for the accused men lies in the fact that their case cannot be kept out of the press of the world.

The Assyrian Massacres

We referred last week to official efforts to hush up the full story of the Assyrian massacres. Attempts have been made by the Iraq Government to postpone the whole question at Geneva until next year, and as little as possible is being said about the matter in the Conservative press in this country. But the facts reported from unimpeachable sources are too terrible and too disgraceful to be passed over, and the matter is, after all, to be raised immediately at Geneva. An authoritative letter on the subject appeared in the *Times*, September 22nd, signed by a distinguished group of persons including Lord Lugard, Lord Hugh Cecil, the Bishop of Gloucester, Sir Arnold Wilson, Lord Rhayader, and Professor Gilbert Murray. This letter, one of the most important pronouncements that has appeared in the *Times* for some months, was printed in small type in an inconspicuous position, being apparently accounted secondary in importance to a letter on "Humane Rabbit Trapping." The letter, which spoke of "the worst ill-treatment of a minority placed under the League's protection that has ever been brought to its notice," emphasised the responsibility of the League and of this country in particular, for admitting Iraq to League membership after signing a declaration assuring "full and complete protection to life and liberty to all inhabitants of Iraq without distinction of . . . race or religion," and stated, as this paper has done, that the terrible massacre that followed so close on this declaration was, without question, carried out with "the direct connivance and participation" of the Iraqi army.

* * *

The practical proposals put forward were as follows: first, the relief of the 1,500 women and children whose fathers have been massacred, and who are now destitute in a camp of refuge, should be immediately taken in hand and maintained; secondly, that an international Commission of Inquiry should be appointed to inquire not only into the past but more particularly into the future possibilities in Iraq; thirdly, that independent witnesses and, in particular, the Assyrian Patriarch (recently transported by the R.A.F. to Cyprus), should be given facilities for stating their case before this Commission or to members of the League Council; and lastly, that since "there is no hope of a cessation of trouble while the Assyrians remain in Iraq," other territory where they can settle peacefully should be found for them. Syria and Cyprus are mentioned as the most likely possibilities. These are proposals which the League must examine, and for which it is to be hoped that the British delegates will be the first to press.

High Finance and the Square Deal

The American experiment has reached a highly critical phase. The employers in the coal and metal trades are still putting up a stiff fight against the recognition of Trade Unions; and there are numerous strikes in the smaller industries, especially against alleged infringements of the N.R.A. codes. There has been less talk this past week about an immediate resort to inflation, since one or two members of the Government made declarations repudiating the policy; and the dollar has been fluctuating uneasily in response to conflicting rumours. Easily the most interesting single event in the week in America has been the victory of the New York Stock Exchange over the hard-pressed City administration, which threatened to impose fresh taxes on stock market transactions and on operators' profits. The Stock Exchange met this news with a threat to emigrate bodily to New Jersey, where no similar taxes exist; and the City, faced with a serious direct loss of revenue, and also with a possible heavy depreciation of rateable values in the Wall Street area, promptly climbed down—the more promptly because it was also feared that the banks would cut off credit, and leave the administration with no resources either to maintain ordinary services or to relieve the unemployed. High finance has thus beaten Tammany; it remains to be seen whether it will beat Mr. Roosevelt. Certainly things are blowing up for a real storm over the President's industrial programme, and above all over his challenge to the policy of the "Open Shop."

How Ottawa Works

There began this week at Ottawa the hearing of the British woollen manufacturers' application for a lowering of the Canadian duties on imported woollens and worsteds. The British manufacturers were able to show that, despite Ottawa, the Canadian preferential duties are in some cases as high as 88 per cent. *ad valorem*, and in many so high as to be practically prohibitive. The Canadian manufacturers, however, strongly oppose any reduction, claiming that the existing rates are barely enough to offset their higher costs, and that any decrease in the protection accorded to them would mean increased unemployment. The conditions of the hearing are not favourable to the British case; it will be remembered that at Ottawa it was agreed to accept the astonishing doctrine that duties should be permissible at rates sufficient to offset differences in the costs of production—a doctrine which, strictly interpreted, would virtually put an end to all international trade. After all, international trade is still based on the principle of taking things from countries where they can be made more cheaply to countries where they cost more to make; and any country which sets out to prevent this is explicitly denying itself the benefits of the international division of labour. But this is not likely to deter the Canadians under Mr. Bennett's

leadership; and the British manufacturers will not, we fear, get much out of their application. The one consolation is that the dispute, at any rate, serves to bring out more clearly than our Imperialists at all like the true consequences of the Ottawa Agreement.

Storm Over Slums

The Minister of Health's slum tour has given a disagreeable notoriety to Leicester. When it was announced that he would visit a certain bad area there the Property Owners' Association through their lawyer issued a strong protest, on the ground that this area is actually the subject of an official inquiry by an inspector of the Ministry. Sir Hilton Young appears to have decided that, though he had a perfect right to visit the area, he would not—and then after all he did. What he thought of it we do not know. But it is for the city council and not for him to take action, and the council resolved by 33 votes to 20 to treat it as an "improvement" and not a "clearance" area. This may very likely be a wrong decision; but it does not appear to be exactly the scandal that is suggested by some accounts. There are decent houses as well as bad ones in the area, and the council's vote, as we understand it, was not for doing nothing about the slums, but for pulling down some and reconditioning others. That can hardly be called a signal triumph of the wicked slum-owners over a reforming Minister. It is rather a victory of the economy spirit which the Minister, in his unregenerate days, did a good deal to foster.

New Towns

When is a town not a town? Presumably, when it is an urban district. Yet there have been for many years urban districts far exceeding in the numbers of their inhabitants the majority of county boroughs, to say nothing of the ordinary run of municipal boroughs. These overgrown urban districts have existed chiefly in the near neighbourhood of great cities, or in one or two cases in the coalfields. Most of them have been dormitory towns, whose inhabitants worked largely outside their areas; and it has long been a controversial question whether they ought to be raised to the dignity of boroughs, with charters, mayors, and the enlarged powers arising out of formal incorporation. The case for so raising their status is obvious, the case against it twofold. Sometimes the richer inhabitants fear that incorporation will mean higher rates, because it will involve improved services in the interests of the poorer; more often the county councils are hostile because they do not want the richer parts of their areas cut out of the field over which they are able to levy rates for general purposes. For these reasons the creation of new boroughs has been long held up, with the additional plea that it ought to wait on a thorough reconstruction of the entire system of local areas. But now the idea of thorough reconstruction seems to have been abandoned; and, the ban having been lifted, new boroughs are being created at a great pace, especially round the fringes of London. Hendon, Dartford, Willesden, Wood Green, Southgate, Finchley, have all become, or are about to become, boroughs; and Stretford exemplifies the same process on the outskirts of Manchester. These new creations are, we think, to the good; but little can be done by this method to redress the unfairness of the incidence of local rates, or to equip the country with a system of areas corresponding to twentieth-century needs.

Sir Ernest Wild and Nudism

A man who sunbathes and who is not careful enough to conceal his nudity must expect the law to object. But the severity shown by the Recorder of London to one John Pratt, who sunbathed at the Welsh Harp recreation ground, has occasioned some natural astonishment. Mr. Pratt's offence was to lie in the sun without a bathing suit in a place where a roving eye could discover him. One might have expected such an offence to cost him a 40*s.* fine. But Sir Ernest Wild took a less lenient view. After telling a detective to "keep an eye on these nudists" and to "bring them to justice," he postponed sentence until the next session opens on October 13th. So John Pratt, clerk, convicted of an offence against public decency in that he exposed his body to the sun in a place where it could be seen by people who "keep an eye" on nudists, is to remain in gaol for a month from the time of his conviction, uncertain even what sentence is to be passed upon him when at the end of that period he again faces his judge.

"The Dying Peace"

A sixpenny pamphlet of unusual interest and importance is published this week-end by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. *The Dying Peace*, with an introduction by Professor H. J. Laski, is the work of a small group of expert students of international affairs which provides a detailed and critical analysis of the foreign policy of the National Government and offers the public an authoritative review of recent British diplomacy. But it is more than a review of the unhappy past. It poses in a new and striking way the fundamental question whether we really intend to continue the effort to which we set ourselves after the war, to build up an international system to ensure peace, or whether we are at heart international anarchists who believe that peace is an unattainable ideal and that the only possible future in store for us is the competition of armed states, seeking for mastery and waiting for the opportune moment to fight. It proceeds to examine the case put in an extreme form by Fascists who hold that obedience to the State is the final duty, and it argues that citizenship to-day implies a recognition of a wider loyalty than that to the national State and imposes the duty to refuse to obey a government which sets out to make war in defiance of its international pledges. The argument, however, is not one for individual pacifism but for general and concerted resistance to war, even if in certain circumstances this resistance involves revolution. It ends with a constructive peace policy and appeals to all who desire peace and who believe that peace must be organised. Its practical policy supports and elaborates the proposals put forward by Mr. Arthur Henderson in his pamphlet *Labour's Foreign Policy*.

MORE "LOW" CARICATURES

We are glad to announce that beginning with our issue of October 21st, Low will recommence a weekly caricature as a supplement to the *New Statesman and Nation*. Further particulars, including a list of Low's next victims, will be published in the near future.

THE LEAGUE AND GERMANY

THE Fourteenth Assembly of the League of Nations has opened in an atmosphere of deep gloom. Over it there hangs the shadow of the failure in Asia, and the threat of a still more calamitous failure in Europe. The triumph of aggression in the Far East was not merely a "blow to the prestige of the League"; it was, as many of us predicted it would be, a positive invitation to defiance and mischief in the West. The Germany of Weimar, of Stresemann, of Brüning, bullied and rebuffed year after year by the victors of the Great War, has given place to Hitler's Germany. And Hitler's Germany does not talk in terms of compromise, or make appeals to justice or reason; it promises—openly and blatantly—another great war. In face of the bellicose spirit of the Germans to-day and of their furious military preparations, the League may well seem, if not the sham that some have always said it was, at any rate a rotten reed for peace to lean upon. But that is only a half-truth, which gives no warrant for the idea that this country could and should save its bacon by retiring from the League and leaving the rest of the world to play at tigers. The failure of the League is the failure of the States composing it—and particularly of the Great Powers, of which we are not the least—to honour their obligations and to work the machinery of "disarmament, arbitration and security." It has been said again and again that if the League were destroyed another one would have to be created. And that is true, except on the assumption that we are deliberately choosing international anarchy, camouflaged by precarious national alliances of the old sort, and the certainty of war.

This is, in fact, the prospect which confronts us to-day. Germany is challenging the whole European order, claiming the revision of treaties, demanding the recovery of old territory and the acquisition of new, seeking to undermine her neighbours by propaganda and intrigue, arming herself as fast as she can. Isolated and weak though she may be at the moment, her threat is formidable enough to have brought about in a few short months the most remarkable reorientations of policy on the Continent; it has thrown Poland and Soviet Russia into each other's arms, and laid the foundations of another Franco-Russian entente. Austria is at bay, staving off the menace of German Fascism by the adoption of a Fascism of its own—which may yet turn into Italian Fascism. It may, on the other hand, succumb to Nazi pressure; there are many who believe that the Austrians will go into the German maw, and that Hungary, and even Czechoslovakia, will follow. That might just conceivably happen without war—though it is very improbable—and if it did it could not fail to lead to war before long. A great Nazi State, or federation of States dominated by Germany, could not coexist in peace with a democratic France and a Communist Russia, let alone Poland and Italy. But in any case Nazi Germany means mischief, and openly proclaims it. To avert that mischief is the desperate task of the statesmen who have been arguing and conferring all over the Continent, and who will be put to the supreme test when the Disarmament Conference reopens at Geneva next month.

One grand blunder, we hope and believe, they will not fall into. A "preventive war"—to crush Germany at once and for good and all—has been advocated in many quarters. But that is a counsel of despair and of madness. Germany cannot be crushed for good and all, as we ought to have learned from the history of 1919 onwards, if from nothing else. Even if anyone had the right, moral as well as legal, to invade Germany, a "preventive war" would at best only put off the evil day, and present us in the course of time—perhaps no very long time—with the same problem of an outraged nation, resurgent and revengeful. The alternative is not to throw up the sponge, to let the Nazis push on with their programme, while the rest of us wait for the inevitable catastrophe. It is to revive the League of Nations, to use its machinery for the fundamental purpose for which it was set up—and to use it honestly and courageously. Honesty and courage have been conspicuously absent in most of our dealings with Germany under the Treaty of Versailles and in the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference. We have evaded our solemn pledges to concede "equality" to Germany; we have been too cowardly to take the risk of disarming when the risk was small. And now we have come to a stage where the risk is bigger, and where, nevertheless, by a grim irony, we have got to take it in one way or the other. Either we must arrive at an Arms Convention which will reduce the gap between the German armaments and other people's, or Germany will reduce it herself—or, more accurately, will continue to reduce it, for she has already begun. And with German re-armament, there will go an increase in everybody else's forces, the spread of militarism in all its hideous aspects, and the sacrifice of social progress to the needs of "national defence."

Our hope, then, lies in an attempt to check the German menace not by war but by supervision. It is still possible for the nations of the world to reach an agreement for the limitation, and even the reduction, of their armaments. It is not only possible, but it is necessary, to include in the convention an adequate scheme for the inspection and control of armament manufacture in every country. If Germany will accept that convention, she must be kept to it—that is to say, any attempt on her part to evade inspection must involve immediate, firm and united action by her co-signatories. If, on the other hand, Germany should prove utterly intransigent and refuse to subscribe to any fair and reasonable plan, then she must be judged to have deliberately put herself outside the comity of nations, and the rest of the world would be justified in taking measures to defend itself. Those measures would not take the form of armed invasion of Germany, but of economic sanctions which would not merely put to the severest test her claims to "autarchy," but would, if resolutely applied, prevent her getting supplies of certain metals and of oil essential for her armaments.

And is that not coercion, it may be asked? Certainly it is, but it is coercion in the last resort, after conciliation has been offered and refused—the coercion which you may fairly, and indeed must, apply to a homicidal maniac. It has yet to be seen whether the German nation and the German Government are in reality so incurably mad as some of their spokesmen have given us cause to fear. And that cannot be known unless our own statesmen and the French and the Italians and the rest will at this eleventh hour choose the League way instead of the cave-man's way of keeping the peace.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

THE most significant thing about the "Policy Reports" which the Labour Party Executive will lay before the Party Conference at Hastings this coming week is their acceptance of the policy for which the Left Wing fought so hard and successfully at Leicester last year. On the two questions of finance and "workers' control in industry," round which the chief controversies then arose, the new reports prepared for this year's Conference embody the definitive victory of last year's "rebels." The Labour Party is to be asked at Hastings to commit itself finally to the socialisation of the joint stock banks as well as the Bank of England, and to endorse the principle of workers' representation on the ultimate controlling bodies of socialised industries and services. Moreover, the programme which emerges from the reports now to be laid before the party is quite definitely a Socialist programme, and is based on a policy of swift, though orderly and constitutional, transition to a predominantly Socialist economic system.

The significance of this decisive move towards the left is likely to be missed by the general public. The newspapers seldom discuss the new policy which the Labour Party is framing in readiness for its next assumption of office; they prefer the controversy about "dictatorship" and "democracy," and have been encouraged to do so by Mr. Citrine's eloquent denunciation of would-be "dictators" at the Trades Union Congress a month ago. We have already expressed the view that this controversy, in the form in which it is being argued out, has no clear or ascertainable meaning, because Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends have never in fact advocated dictatorship except in a sense which would make the National Government a dictatorship when it assumed office. Drastically to amend parliamentary procedure so as to admit of a larger output of controversial legislation; to confer wider administrative powers on the Government in a quite constitutional way; to assume authority to deal with a possible financial panic or a deliberate sabotage of a Socialist Government—these are measures which the Socialist League does think necessary preliminaries if the history of the next Labour Government is not to be a repetition of the last. But such proposals, framed strictly within the framework of constitutional government, certainly do not amount to dictatorship in any sense that reasonable men can give to the term: nor is there any evidence that on these points the opinion of the Socialist League differs from that of the vast majority of the Labour Party, or of the Party Executive itself. The "dictatorship versus democracy" issue is not a real issue at all. It is partly the product of a scare deliberately got up by the Conservative Central Office, and partly a false presentation of a quite different issue about which there are real differences of opinion in the Labour ranks.

This real issue emerged at the Trades Union Congress a month ago in the discussions of what was there called "Rooseveltism." For years past the Labour Party, in common with most sections of progressive opinion in this country, has been urging the Government to abandon the policy of false economy, and to embark on an expansionist monetary and industrial policy with the object of diminishing unemployment and increasing purchasing power. Our "National" Government has remained deaf to these appeals; but in the United States President Roosevelt, facing an immediately graver economic situation than ours, has listened to the advice of the reflationists, and is doing his best to boost Capitalism back to prosperity by an extensive policy of State control. There is naturally a tendency over here to hail the Roosevelt experiment as a triumph of socialistic, if not of Socialist, ideas and to hold the American Government up as a shining example to our own. This tendency, as was seen clearly at Brighton, is strongest in the Trade Unions, which have naturally a keen desire to get their members back to work.

Accordingly, the Trades Union Congress plumped decisively for Rooseveltism and capitalist revival, and was disposed, while reaffirming its ultimate faith in Socialism, to push any immediate Socialist policy into the background lest it should interfere with the prospects of a "Rooseveltian" capitalist revival. The loud repudiation of "dictatorship" at Brighton was largely prompted by the desire to do and say nothing that might stand in the way of a revival of capitalist confidence.

The Labour Party's reactions are bound to be less simple, because the Labour Party is concerned not so much with the immediate position in the industrial field as with the furtherance of a longer-run Socialist policy. The Labour politicians are, of course, equally keen to diminish unemployment and improve the immediate economic condition of the workers. But they are, by virtue of their Socialist doctrine, far more convinced than most of the industrial leaders that there can be no real cure for the depression under Capitalism, and that Rooseveltism, whatever its short-run effects may be, is in the long run bound to fail. Indeed, not a few of them hold that, under Capitalism, the more Mr. Roosevelt now succeeds in getting men back to work by monetary reflation and by a control which does not really put the key positions into the hands of the State to-day, the more widespread and disastrous the succeeding crash is certain to be.

This is, indeed, our own view. But note the proviso—"under Capitalism." For the contention is not that any reflationist experiment is bound to fail, but that it can succeed in the long run only by passing beyond Capitalism and superseding the capitalist incentives to production and the capitalist system of distributing incomes by effectively Socialist alternatives. Socialists who want a "Rooseveltish" policy in this country want it not because they think Rooseveltism as such can succeed in restoring stable prosperity, but because a "reflated" Capitalism seems to them to afford a better basis for the building of a Socialist system.

But the manifest conditions of using reflation as a basis for Socialist construction is that a thorough-going Socialist policy should be worked out and advocated in readiness for the assumption of power. It is impossible for the Socialists of the Labour Party, though it may be quite possible for some of the Trade Union leaders, to accept the view that Socialism ought, as a practical policy, to be kept in the background in order not to frighten the capitalists. To accept such a view is to abandon Socialism, save in that purely theoretical sense in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for example, probably still regards himself as a Socialist.

While, therefore, the Labour Party Conference can be relied on, if it is asked, to emulate the Trades Union Congress in declaring for "democracy" against "dictatorship"—for, as we have seen, no important group in it wants dictatorship—it will hardly in doing this be agreeing with the implications of Mr. Citrine's Brighton speech. For the Labour Party, judged by its new pronouncements on policy, does desperately want to fight the next election on a definitely Socialist policy. The Labour Party's Socialism is thoroughly constitutional, democratic in a parliamentary sense, and evolutionary; but it is Socialism, and the projected *tempo* of evolution has been decisively speeded up as a result of last year's decisions at Leicester. If Labour comes to power with a majority it will be in effect pledged to a drastic policy of socialising the banking system, as well as a number of key industries and services, and of placing thereby the dominant control of the economic system as a whole under Socialist auspices.

We do not regret this advance in Labour policy, and we do not agree with those who believe that it is likely to stand in the way of the Labour Party's electoral advance. It would certainly damage Labour's electoral prospects to be supposed to be aiming at a dictatorship—for dictators are not popular in Great Britain, which is precisely why such a song has been made by the Conservative press about Sir Stafford Cripps's alleged dictatorial propensities. If it is clear—as it is already to all reasonable people—that the Labour Party has far more faith in democracy than those who accuse it of believing in dictatorship, it will do it good, and not harm, electorally, to

be known as the advocate of an advanced and decisive Socialist policy. The Labour Party's real weakness since 1931 has been not by any means that it has looked dangerously revolutionary, but rather that it has looked uncomfortably like the late Labour Government. That is partly a question of personnel. But in policy and programme, at any rate, the Labour Party is now well on the way to equipping itself with a workmanlike and practicable plan for using its next term of office as the opportunity for a real and permanent advance towards a Socialist system.

HOW ADVERTISING WORKS

BERNARD SHAW, in his latest manifesto, refers a little unexpectedly to "that very necessary thing, sex appeal, the use of which in the theatre and in the cinema is most desirable, provided it be well done and the sex appeal made really educational, as it can be." The greatest of our propagandists, unlike some commentators on advertisement, understands clearly the distinction between the *aim* and the *method* of persuasion. We are at present concerned with the latter, and must therefore forget our individualism, socialism, or plannism, our prejudices of taste, social status, or morals, and must confine ourselves strictly to the question of technique. In the next ten years history may make practical distinctions along the same line as our theoretical one, casting aside some of the accidents of propaganda that invite so much obloquy to-day. But the fundamental technique may well be just the same.

Sir Arthur Salter once summed up the method of legitimate diplomacy as being to get very clear in one's mind the other man's point of view and needs, and to introduce one's own case in his terms and on his ground. This will do excellently both as a definition of persuasion and as an account of how advertising works. It seeks to win attention, consent and action by meeting its reader on his own ground and supplying his mental need. Needs are very various—they may be for visual novelty, for sexual gratification through the eye, for an assurance that health can be bought at 1*s.* 3*d.* a bottle and a successful career at so much a volume, for exact information, or for a respectable excuse to do something that we want to do. Advertisements that offer us a really good excuse approach the upper limit of persuasiveness. Some people think that the Guinness campaign is one of the best ever made, because "Guinness is good for you" is the perfect excuse for doing something that most people want to do, and (if they are English) want an excuse for doing. Compare with this the "Great Stuff this Bass" campaign of a year or two ago. For sheer cleverness there was little to choose. But it is said that the campaign did not succeed. After the event one can be wise and offer, as an explanation, the fact that people's liking to be mildly startled and amused is less effective, as a spring of action, than their need of a good excuse for a drink. Not that the need of visual or verbal titillation is to be despised. It must be met to some extent if an advertisement is to get itself noticed at all; and it may, if met thoroughly enough, be sufficient to bring success—especially where there is no competition from campaigns that aim to satisfy more deep-rooted desires. This was the case in the early days of advertising, when there was little competition and it was sufficient if one caught the customer's eye with some amusing variation on one's simple selling-theme. The Bovril campaign is a brilliant survival from those days, when Pears' grand joke, "Since when I have used no other," first brought to the notice of the business world the potent difference between advertising and announcement. The cigarette market in particular was for a long time the happy hunting ground of the stunt-merchant and phrase-maker. But when a good excuse was put forward by Craven A, it had an immediate and long-continued success. "Specially made to prevent sore throats" is an appeal built on similar lines to the Guinness one—it points plainly towards, and promises to remove, one of a smoker's main inhibitions. In quite another field we find an example of partial rationalisation (again an outstanding success) in the Cadbury Milk Chocolate campaign—"A glass and a half of milk in every half-pound block." There is nothing to apologise for in a liking for chocolate, but it is not so uninhibited a sentiment as the desire to be fit and well-nourished, and especially to make one's children so.

There are points of much theoretical interest in the present state of motor fuel advertising. Petrol consumers are evidently considered by those who should know most about them to feel no serious desire for information or explanation. The BP campaign ("Plus a little something some others haven't got") looked like a deliberate decision to be bright at the cost of being uninformative, but a few months afterwards the policy was reversed. Even the name on which the famous slogan was built is changed. In that instance sparkle was evidently not enough. The Shell campaign, however, has a brightness with deeper roots; these irresistible advertisements add to their great visual attractiveness the deliberate suggestion of an association between reading the advertisements and buying the petrol. Sometimes the association is positive; sometimes—and the alternation hides the aim—it is negative ("I don't read the advertisements, but I buy the petrol"). As everyone, in fact, reads the advertisements, and as there is a complete absence of rational elements to disturb or confuse the suggested association between the thought of reading and the thought of buying, it doubtless works; especially since it can evidently count on a pretty complete public scepticism as to the significance, for the ordinary motorist, of brand differences, car manufacturers' recommendations and commercialised record-breaking.

Sometimes the hasty critic of advertising draws up a formidable list of the "appeals" it is supposed to employ—fear, selfishness, vanity, sex, and other anti-social or disreputable emotions. Actually, an analysis of advertisements with some attempt to rank the comparative average power of different appeals yields less lurid results. Exact information is hard to come by, but a recent American review of ascertained data* suggests the following list, in order of effectiveness: (1) Health. (2) Love of children. (3) Appetite (taste). (4) Sex. (5) Economy. (6) Comfort. (7) Ambition. (8) Beauty. (9) Saving in time or labour. (10) Safety. (11) Vanity. (12) Sympathy. Such a list need hardly make the judicious grieve unduly. Moreover, anyone who cares to run through a week or two's files of one of the big English dailies may wonder whether commonsense appeals like economy and saving in time or labour would not stand higher up in this country. Fear is not included, evidently because it does not itself stand for a need, but always leads on to health or sex, or some other; but if all instances of scare methods were to be separately listed they would rank unpleasantly high.

How far is advertising an appeal to irrationality of thought and action? The line between rationality and irrationality in persuasion is hard to draw, once we leave the extreme instances. On the side of irrationality it is easy enough to place crude deception; or the use of one appeal to cloak another that is merely hinted at; or again, the association of logically unrelated ideas, of which the Shell campaign is a subtle instance, and the attempt to sell a cigarette by showing a picture of a pretty girl next its name is a crude one. On the side of rationality there are those straightforward pictures and descriptions of an article and its uses that are much commoner than anyone might imagine who had not looked to see. But once we leave these, we find, not other blacks and whites, but a graduated spectrum of greys. Is the picture of Sir Josiah Stamp at the head of an L.M.S. announcement a cold guarantee of its impeccable origin, or is there just a tinge of the irrational use of personal prestige? If we pass Sir Josiah, what of the charming Big-Brotherliness of Mr. Murphy of the radio? And—farther on—of the long-distance portrait of that philanthropist, Mr. Drage? And—not so much farther on—

* *Hotchkiss: An Outline of Advertising.*

the frankly invented, but not therefore ineffective, friendliness of Mr. Therm? If it is rational persuasion to show a photograph of what one has to sell, what exactly can we say of the romantic modernism of the admirable Underground landscape posters—and so on, down the scale till we come to the sheer fantasy of the famous Buoyant chair silhouette? Is the use of good typography in a Post Office advertisement irrational because it has no logical connection with the merits of Getting On The Telephone? But if so, the Goddess of Reason is indeed a bloodless deity.

Some element of what a Platonist might term the irrational is necessary not only in advertising, journalism, politics and advocacy, but also in education, which—at its best—is commonly reckoned the purest way in which one human mind can influence another. We judge education not by the extent of its reliance on pure reason, but by its ultimate result and by the enlightened sincerity of the motive that clothes itself in this or that technique. If we really want to keep our heads clear about propaganda we ought to judge it in the same way, since individuals and—far more—masses of people are in the main childish. In so far as the motive behind an advertisement is private or sectional profit, it cannot without risk of confusion be called educational. But private commercial campaigns can be ranked as better and worse, according to the degree of sincerity and frankness in their approach to their readers. A "Buy British" advertisement may be rational persuasion, even though you are a cosmopolite; a campaign that advises you to preserve your sexual charm by avoiding ladders in your stockings must be counted as playing a reasonable part in the scheme of things, even though you think it unreasonable of young women to wish to attract young men.

Some campaigns, of course, are sheer knavery—one's attention is distracted or one's thoughts mesmerised while one's pocket is picked. And there are varying degrees of double dealing in the use of pictures which suggest a little more than you dare put into words, or of testimonials whose value would be halved if the story of how they were got appeared beside them, or of the use of sheer repetition to drive home a blindly irrelevant association. These things are fundamentally expressions of the irresponsibility of extreme individualism, and with increasing responsibility they would tend to disappear. Even to-day no Government department would dare—nor probably desire—to perpetrate them. In the implications of that fact there is considerable hope.

S. C. LESLIE

A LONDON DIARY

BERNARD SHAW seems to me quite mistaken in his argument with Miss Wilkinson about the Reichstag trial. I see no general ground for allowing frontiers to limit one's concern for justice, and on purely practical grounds Bernard Shaw is obviously wrong in thinking that expressions of international opinion do more harm than good to the accused men. The *Brown Book*, with all its imperfections, has put a case which the Nazis cannot ignore, and the report of the Judicial Committee of Inquiry has had the effect of making the Nazis change their indictment against Torgler and take into account evidence they might otherwise have ignored. It may have affected the whole issue of the trial. The Nazis are very sensitive to foreign opinion that does, in spite of all the censorship and the ban on foreign papers, penetrate to some small extent among the German people. To-day everyone discusses whether "economic autarchy" is possible, but the attempt to couple it with "psychological autarchy" is a much greater menace to civilisation. What are the prospects for the world if each Government tries, as the Nazis are trying, to make their own people believe one set of lies when they are known to be lies by surrounding peoples who may themselves be deluded by another set of lies promulgated by their own Governments? Free interchange of opinion is more important than free interchange of goods, and I think that, in the long run, it will be found that in a world equipped with wireless it is impossible for Governments to insulate the ears of their own people from the opinions of their neighbours. In this case it seems clear that if the Nazis can get away with their version of the Reichstag fire, the world is only safe for the most determined liar and the least scrupulous gangster.

* * *

Because I felt sure that a great issue is at stake in this trial I went to the big protest meeting at Kingsway Hall. It was supported by well-known people of all parties, but because Harry Pollitt was speaking the official Labour Party was not present. After a noisy speech by Pollitt, the audience, which was largely Communist and was quite prepared to go, after having heard their leader, was spellbound by a speech in the best Liberal tradition by Harold Laski. The contrast with Pollitt was amazing, for Laski has a monotonous voice and does not make a gesture. He stands up like a schoolboy reciting and magic words proceed from his lips. He said things that one would have thought the audience would have found unpalatable. They loved it. He is the only man alive who can lecture a huge and excited working-class audience in the same tone and with the same arguments that he would use in speaking to thirty students at the School of Economics. The ovation he received at the end made it all the sadder to me that the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, both of which are intimately and directly concerned with this issue, should have failed to come out boldly into the open about it.

* * *

The situation is altogether ridiculous. Many of the Labour leaders feel, I know, as I do, and one or two of the bolder and more independent spirits went so far as to come on to the platform. But the Labour Party would do nothing because it involved working with Communists. I fully appreciate their reasons. But then, if they will not work with Communists, even where their interests coincide, they should not leave it to the Communists to get on with the job. As it is, the Labour Party is too slow and cumbrous to begin, the Communists step in, and then the Labour Party, even when it would like to, as in this case, will not come in because the Communists have begun. The only way out is for the Labour Party to take the initiative. Exactly the same thing has occurred about the Anti-war Movement. A friend of mine, who is one of the most active workers in this movement and who has just returned from last week's Paris meeting, sadly complains of the endless waste of time in the repetition of Communist dogma, the frequent singing of the International and all the rest of it. It ought not to be a Communist show at all. That it is is the fault of official Labour. The most dramatic event in Paris was the appearance of two French soldiers, their identity carefully hidden, who emphatically declared their solidarity with the Anti-War Movement.

* * *

I was present at the annual general meeting of the Federation of Progressive Societies at Digswell Park last week-end. In his Presidential address C. E. M. Joad discussed the democracy-dictatorship issue and deliberately challenged the creed of "Socialist impossibilism," which argues that any attempt to introduce Socialist legislation by a democratic Parliamentary majority must provoke unconstitutional resistance from the Right. He argued that events in Italy and Germany offer no parallel and that there has been no instance of a parliamentary majority, democratically elected with a mandate to introduce Socialism, with its hands on the keys of power, the armed forces and the police, being overthrown by an unconstitutional Right "Putsch." The Socialist's business then is to convince people that they have a plan and can carry it out. The Cripps plan seemed to him to fill the bill. The upshot was to commit the F.P.S.I. to support the proposals of the Socialist League.

* * *

A great man of letters, who shared my unstinted admiration for the Webbs, once told me that he knew he could never

be on very intimate terms with people who said that "marriage is the waste-paper basket of the emotions." The remark showed, he thought, an ultimate and irreconcilable conflict of values between himself and them. Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, in a judicious and interesting biography (*Sidney and Beatrice Webb*, Sampson Low, 10*s.* 6*d.*), tells an interesting story about this remark and discusses very intelligently the issue it raises. Her book should cure people finally of the silly talk about the Webbs as machines. But let me give the story. Speaking of the unusual happiness of the Webbs and of the nonsensical notion that their partnership has only been a working partnership, Mrs. Hamilton writes:

> When they were younger, what Shaw calls their "spooning" embarrassed some of their friends; but behind it was a stuff which has securely stood the test of time. They have their own quaint ways of expressing this close affection. Once when they had as guests a young couple to whom they are much attached they took them out for a walk. Sidney and the husband got on ahead. He looked back at the other two. "I can tell you what Beatrice is saying to your wife." "Yes?" "She is telling her that we call marriage the waste-paper basket of the emotions." They waited for the ladies to join them. When they came up, they were asked what they had been talking about. "I was telling her that we call marriage the waste-paper basket of the emotions," said Beatrice.

Another equally characteristic story concerns the Fabians at the beginning of their career. It is told by Bernard Shaw to prove that, unlike most of the ladies of his acquaintance, Beatrice was never in love with him. They were all three staying in the country. Shaw found "an authentic velocipede" and tried to ride it, Beatrice looking on. Failing to make it go

> he was driven to taking advantage of the fact that the lawn was arranged in a series of sharply sloping terraces; on the down grade the thing did go, only to collapse again on the flat, throwing him violently and suddenly to the ground, and bringing him, so he says, to within an ace of departure from this mortal scene at each essay. She, however, instead of sympathising or showing any concern, laughed with delighted amusement. The sounds brought Sidney to the window; he looked out, enquired what was going on, and came running forth, intent on trying what his skill could effect. Whereupon Beatrice cried with insistent passion, "No, no, Sidney, you mustn't." From which moment G. B. S. realised the bitter truth, or so he says.

It is a difficult job, seldom worth attempting, to write the biography of one's friends while they are alive, but Mrs. Hamilton's book must be accounted one of the rare successes in this *genre*.

* * *

The London Passenger Transport Board and their contractors are to be congratulated on two separate achievements in connection with the new Holborn Underground Station. The new station on the Central London line has been constructed during the last eighteen months without interference with the traffic. As there are now only about five hours in the twenty-four when no trains are running, this is a remarkable feat of organisation. But it is the decoration of the station which will attract more attention than technical achievements. Anyone interested in design in industry will find plenty to study in the tiling, lighting and general design. The big four-escalator shaft is a thing of beauty. One pessimist agreed that this was pretty good, but said that it was time the Board—I think he should have blamed the police regulations—turned their attention to the buses. What with these unspecified stretches where buses will neither stop on hail nor let passengers down, and the practice of carrying passengers long past the crossing to a bus stop, he wondered "if the buses were running for the convenience of the people or the people running for the convenience of the buses." But some people will always grumble.

* * *

A correspondent adds to my collection of "ye oldenesse" the name of a shanty on the Great West Road, "Ye Wee Waif"—a pleasant confusion, she points out, of four styles of appeal, the antique, the Scottish, the diminutive, and the pathetic.

* * *

I see that the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford has forbidden an undergraduate theatrical society to play Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. Instead, they are to play *While Parents Sleep*.

The *Financial News*, under the heading "I am not wholly responsible," quotes Mr. Montagu Norman as follows:

> I do not wish to take upon myself more than I can reasonably hope to bear, and I hope, therefore, that I may dissociate myself from the association with the currency for the future with which you have connected me. I shall do my best, but I am not wholly responsible for some of these questions, which lie elsewhere. Now, there is not much to be said about the past, and, as far as America is concerned, it is two weeks at least since I was there, and in those two weeks a new situation, and almost a new country, has grown up; so continuous and so great are the changes that no one who is not on the spot is up to date. Nothing, therefore, that I have found out while I was in America would be of any use or interest to you.

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> It is not necessary to have the right to bear arms in the heraldic sense to be a gentleman or a noble man.—*Sunday Express.*

* * *

> The tables, which were parked together, were decorated with inflated rubber seals. These gave forth an amusing squeak and helped to add to the gala atmosphere.—*Sunday Times.*

* * *

> It is impossible to make a million "for yourself" without also benefiting humanity, as it was impossible for Raphael to paint without benefiting his fellow-men.—Lord Runciman reported in the *Sunday Graphic* and *Sunday News*.

* * *

> It is not necessarily wrong, but certainly undesirable, for a Catholic to play for a Wesleyan football team.—The *Universe*.

CRITIC

FACTS ARE DECEPTIVE

A GREAT man of science startled a meeting the other day by stating that it was unsafe "to place reliance on observational facts unless they were confirmed by theory." Unluckily it is not only in science that facts can be misleading. In our daily lives we constantly find that our observation tells us one thing while our intelligence tells us another. The wise man learns to beware of becoming the victim of the facts that are staring him in the face.

This necessity was brought home to me lately when I drove from London to Scotland and back again, stopping at various places on the way. What evidences of prosperity were spread on all sides under the blazing sun! Here surely—for I set out on a Sunday—was the joy in widest commonalty spread that was foretold as the result of the ideal revolution. Poverty seemed as far off as rain. All the world was enjoying the luxury of wheels. Motor cars, motor bicycles, and push bicycles were so abundant that only a nation with a vast superfluity of wealth could possibly have afforded them. Along the roadside new towns were springing up with neat little villas surrounded by flowering gardens on which leisurely householders had expended infinite pains. Everybody whom one passed was well, if not beautifully, dressed. There were no barefooted children, no ragged elders. The girls of the poorer classes copied the vanities of the girls of the richer. The children, their faces radiant with summer health, played in the streets as happily as if Queen Victoria had still been reigning. I am sure that no foreigner making the same journey as I did could have come to any other conclusion on the evidence of his eyes than that England is at present enjoying such prosperity as few nations have ever known.

An astonishing number of people seemed to be able to pay large sums of money. When I went in to dinner at the chief hotel in a large provincial town, the head-waiter brought two menus, one for dinner à la carte, the other for table d'hôte, and, as he placed the latter before me, he said, "The dinner is ten and six." I had noticed in the A.A. handbook that the price of dinner at that hotel was given as six and six, and I told the waiter so. "Oh yes," he agreed, "but that is in the other room, which is closed; I can do you a short dinner for six and six, if you prefer it." Here again, surely, was evidence of widespread prosperity if provincial railway-hotels could maintain themselves on a flow of customers willing to pay ten and six for a by no means perfect dinner. I had thought that one had only to go north of the Humber in order to be certain of seeing misery walking the streets and of being in

full view of the great depression. But neither in the hotel nor in the streets could I see any marked difference between England in a period of depression and England in a period of affluence. It is true that there seemed to be fewer motor cars in the North than in the South, but on the whole the surface of life that was visible to a passing stranger was that of a rich and prosperous country, with more pleasures within reach of the common man than ever before.

I knew perfectly well that what I saw could not be the truth, or, at least, that it could not be the whole truth. I knew that I had only to call on a man who knew the real life of the town, to go with him among the mean streets, to visit those quarters in which the workless stand about or walk about during the working hours, to go inside a Labour Exchange, in order to see a perfectly different England from what I was seeing. My point is, however, that it is possible to travel from the south to the north of England without ever having the truth about the lives of some millions of one's fellow-creatures forced upon one's attention. I had thought that in certain towns in Lancashire and in such places as Newcastle and Glasgow it was impossible to avoid the spectacle of poverty and misery. But then, when I visited those places some years ago, I deliberately went in search of poverty and misery, knowing that they were there. I am not now certain that if a complete stranger went to Manchester during the week in which the Manchester November Handicap is run he would be compelled by what he saw to realise that the cotton trade has been in a bad way for years. What might be called the shop-front of English civilisation remains extraordinarily prosperous-looking. Unless one goes into certain mining districts or into the slums, one's chief impression of the English people is that they are a cheerful, well-dressed, shop-loving, cinema-going, holidaying race, to a point that in the middle of last century would have seemed to indicate the height of prosperity.

I do not wish to suggest that the evidence for this which meets the casual visitor's eyes is entirely untrue. Undoubtedly the distribution of comfort is more general than it ever was before. At the same time, the evidence of the eyes is misleading. The fact that the number of the unemployed runs into seven figures is even more important than the fact that the cinemas are crowded and that the democracy wastes as much of its imagination on clothes as the aristocracy. This fact, however, can be learnt only from statistics, and, of all facts, statistics make the least permanent impression on the ordinary man. Perhaps this is fortunate, since statistics seem to have become permanently gloomy. It may be that it is a good thing for even the economist occasionally to reassure himself by turning away from the hideous truth of statistics to the fallacious evidence of his eyes.

If the casual visitor sees little of the truth about a country he knows how little can he see of a country that is all but new to him! If I go to Italy on a holiday, for example, I see nothing to suggest that it is not one of the happiest countries on earth. I know from other evidence that the press is not free, and that one must not criticise Mussolini in a crowded railway carriage as one could criticise Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in England. But after I have crossed the frontier, and have seen a young Fascist examining the newspapers in the bag of an Italian traveller, and groping under the seat in search of smuggled treason, I see nothing to persuade me that I am not as free as if I were at home. Merely as a holiday-maker, I am as free under Fascism as I would be if the Italian Liberals were in power. People tell me that there is great poverty and discontent under the surface; but the holiday-maker does not see them. So sunny is the surface of life that one is tempted at times to wish one had been born an Italian. Yet what intelligent human being could base his opinion of the condition of Italy on a holiday-maker's impressions? Reason tells him that the suppression of free opinion is the mark of a return to an unhappier age, and that, whatever benefits a dictatorship may bring, it is maintained by persecution or the threat of persecution. It will be seen, therefore, that it is our theories, and not the facts we see, that ultimately determine our opinion of the state of a foreign country. This explains the difference of opinion, for example, which has often been remarked on in people who have visited Russia. I have heard both the most cheerful and the gloomiest accounts of Russia from returned visitors, and both the cheerfulness and the gloom, I imagine, were due to theories formed before the visits took place. It was the same in regard to Ireland in the days of Gladstone. The Unionist English visitor saw a totally different Ireland from the Home Rule visitor. He saw a country that had little to complain about, and that would not have complained about anything, indeed, if it had not been for political agitators. The Home Rule visitor, on the other hand, saw a land even more miserable than it actually was.

This, unhappily, proves that theories may be as misleading as facts, and the logical conclusion seems to be that we can never learn the truth about any country in any way at all. I do not think, however, that we need be driven to so pessimistic a position as this. We can learn a considerable amount of truth about a country if we remain sufficiently sceptical in regard both to theories and to facts. We must distrust the evidence of our eyes till we are sure that our eyes have not missed more important facts than they have seen. We must be ready to alter our theories, or at least to question them, if the evidence of our eyes contradicts them. And, even after we have altered them, it is wise to distrust them still.

I myself, I confess, am incapable of discovering the truth about the present condition of England. I do not know whether the country is, as they say, on the edge of an abyss, or whether, as others put it, she is making full steam ahead for prosperity. All I know is that, if she is on the edge of an abyss, she does not look the part. Elderly men, looking back on a security that is past and looking forward to a future that is doubtful, have said to me that they were glad not to be young, but to have been born in a happier age than the present. It may well be, however, that the world has only begun to be wealthy and that within the present century it will begin even to be wise. Who knows? I do not. But, at least, to the eye of a holiday-maker, England with all her miseries looks like a country in which leisure and pleasure are increasing. Appearances may be deceptive, but, till we turn back to statistics, they are reassuring.

Y. Y.

THE ANATOMY OF INTOLERANCE

Any persecutor to any victim.

LET us reason together: perchance we may reach
Some logical basis for freedom of speech;
For we both feel a call; we have talents designed
To persuade, and instruct, and enlighten mankind—
Yet the primary fact we must face all along
Is that I'm in the right and that you're in the wrong.

Now the voice of right reason, secure in its clarity,
Can never be silenced by stripes and barbarity;
Yet power, when employed without conscience or ruth,
May hinder the spreading of wisdom and truth—
Hence, since I'm in the right, it is easy to see
That, when *you* are in power, you must tolerate *me*.

Yet a ruler, however paternal and mild,
When he sees his poor people by sophists beguiled,
May be forced to invoke the law's uttermost terror
To discourage the teaching of damnable error—
Hence, since you're in the wrong, it is patently true
That, when *I* am in power, I must persecute *you*.

Then how rash to compare this paternal correction
(By justice inspired and dispensed with affection)
To the brutal suppression of freedom of speech
If *your* turn came to rule, and *my* turn came to preach—
And how lucky it is, in this crucial hour,
That I find myself both in the right and in power.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

TSHEKEDI

SIR,—Tshekedi appears to have received his due share of notoriety, but the problems that he has raised are likely to agitate official minds long after his name ceases to interest the British public. The governing of subject races, considered until some fifteen years ago a comparatively simple matter, grows more and more complex with alarming rapidity, until one is tempted to ask whether the "White Man's burden" may not have been Pandora's box. The rival claims of direct and indirect rule continue to be debated, and the latter has been gaining in favour both in Africa and Asia during the last few years. It has, upon the surface at any rate, several outstanding advantages.

Indirect rule, i.e., ruling tribes through their own chiefs, is often advocated by anthropologists who lament the wholesale destruction of tribal life and customs that so often occurs when natives are administered directly by white officials. It is now generally recognised that much damage to the native character has been done in the past by enthusiastic administrators and missionaries who have found it easier to destroy what appeared to them as backward superstitions than to replace such with more practical codes of behaviour which can be made to appeal to the native mind with the same force as the teachings of his forefathers. It is hoped by many, therefore, that the ruling of primitive peoples by their own chiefs will put a check upon too ruthless a change in their social structure, thus enabling them to digest smaller doses of the white man's civilisation, unrationed meals of which delectable food were proving by no means beneficial. Indirect rule is also proving popular from the political point of view, as it has been found that areas governed in this manner are much less liable to give trouble and appear to be comparatively free from the discontent and sedition that so frequently spread in areas administered directly by white officials. This is proving true in Africa as it has already proved itself in India, with the result that indirect rule is now often considered the easiest form of government. This is a great mistake; ruling through chiefs may be, and probably is, the better plan, but it is also by far the most dangerous and difficult.

It must be remembered that chiefs ruling their people under a white suzerainty are in a much stronger position than they could possibly be were the country left entirely to its own devices. Once a reasonably intelligent chief has managed to ingratiate himself with the "powers that be" his position with his own people is wellnigh impregnable. There is only one incentive, other than altruism, for a ruler to be a good one—fear of insecurity for himself and his position. Remove the latter, which is really what a paramount white Government does for a native chief, and you have only altruism left! It is obvious, therefore, that unless an unusually conscientious chief is guided by a white official who thoroughly understands the conditions in the area, indirect rule may easily degenerate into a convenient bolstering of tyrants of which little or no traces are visible upon the surface.

The experiment has its dangers and Tshekedi will have done useful work by drawing public attention to the whole principle.

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP S. MUMFORD
Easthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex.

LABOUR LEADERSHIP

SIR,—Mr. Gordon Hosking doubts "if the discussions about what happened in Germany before February, 1933, have any but an historical value." This opinion is one with which I wish to express a tentative disagreement. "Werner" is no doubt right in thinking that the revolutionary policy is now the only possible Socialist policy in Germany. But it does not by any means follow that he is right in his *ex post facto* judgment that this was also the only possible policy before February, 1933. If, say, his wish had been gratified and the dismissal of Braun and Severing had been instantaneously followed by a General Strike, would not the Social Democratic policy have remained a possible policy? "Werner's" own article (apart from the two letters which have followed it) makes it clear that faulty Communist Party policy was as much responsible as faulty Social Democratic policy for "the end of a great illusion."

If there is here a lesson which can be applied to this country, it is that the United Front is indeed highly desirable, but that it can only be established on a firm and lasting foundation when the first approaches are made, not by the Communist Party, but by a Labour Party which is genuinely militant in its Socialism. Therefore, the most vital problem of British progressive politics in 1933 is that of reforming Labour Party leadership. (I have tried to suggest that the problem in Germany between 1930 and 1933 was not dissimilar.) The Social Democratic policy is bound to meet great difficulties. But the Communist policy would be bound to meet even greater difficulties. For that reason, if for no other, the former is preferable to the latter. The official leadership of the Labour Party seems to have no "guts." Sir Stafford Cripps has.

82 Ladbroke Road, W.11. F. M. HARDIE

MILK MARKETING

SIR,—I must confess to disappointment at your correspondent's reply to my letter on this subject. He has not been able to tell me that the generalisations which I quoted are out of date, and now he shifts his accusation to an "unwillingness to recognise changes which have occurred." It is about these changes that I am particularly interested. In view of a later paragraph concerning village labour, old buildings and a deficient water supply, I am afraid I can only conclude that such changes in the marketing of milk as have occurred in the last twenty years have been limited to the establishment of a complicated system of grading whereby the public is invited to pay extra for a purity which, as I tried to show in my last letter, does not exist, since "certified" milk has conveyed infectious disease and "tuberculin-tested" milk has been found to contain tubercle bacilli. Dr. S. C. Dyke in his letter in your last issue from his experience as a clinical pathologist answers one part of "G.'s" inquiries by saying that compulsory sterilisation before retailing is the only satisfactory method of dealing with the milk problem from a medical aspect.

The other parts of your correspondent's letter, excluding his references to tea-drinking and the menace of the motor car, open up economic and adminstrative problems with which I am not competent to deal. That clean milk can be produced by ordinary farmers with inexpensive material after a very short training has been conclusively shown by the United Dairies Research Department (see the *Observer*, May 25th, 1933). This illustrates what I meant by "an aseptic ritual akin to that used in the operating theatre." As to the cost of clean milk, I can safely leave this side to another of your agricultural correspondents, for in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for January 16th, 1932, "S. L. B." wrote as follows: "Only a few months ago I was allowed to see the figures of a great herd from which Grade A, T.T. milk derives, and although there was no sparing of expense in the matter of equipment and every cow received all possible attention, the cost of the milk, the finest available, was a shade under threepence a quart, and the selling price a shade under fourpence."

I am afraid I cannot explain away the *obiter dicta* of my professional colleagues nor the illogical attitude adopted by all of us in the matter of tea-drinking. Such habits of casual remarks and irrational behaviour are not limited to the medical profession or to the subject of milk. I am only concerned with obtaining a safe milk supply, which I believe can be done at no great expense, and the new Board has, as your correspondent's original article clearly showed, a magnificent opportunity to achieve this.

London, W.1. ALAN MONCRIEFF, M.D.

ANNIE BESANT

SIR,—In your columns, under the title "A London Diary," certain things are stated with regard to Dr. Annie Besant which are needlessly inaccurate and require proof, as, for instance, that the Theosophical Society split under Dr. Besant's rule, and that she lost her College in Benares.

The Indian Constitution she framed did a vast amount in building opinion in India. Only future generations will justly appraise her astoundingly effective work in training the Indian mind to a clear perception of India's place in the world.

It was the press that foisted upon us the title "Messiah" for Mr. Krishnamurti. We have unavailingly protested for years against the misleading use of it. He very rightly dissolved the organisation which he did not wish to grow into a cult. He has not "retired to California," but returns to his home there occasionally when not engaged in explaining, as he travels from country to country, his own perception of Truth.

We have never known Dr. Besant to hold a "fantastic notion," though she may have held many which were at variance with the views of others. That does not make them fantastic.

The Theosophical Society in England, JOSEPHINE RANSOM,
45 Lancaster Gate, W.2. General Secretary

SLAP UP

SIR,—I think this expression was quite common in London in Dickens's time. In *Our Mutual Friend* (book II, chap. viii), when a footman comes to the office of Chicksey, Veneering and Stobbles, he says a lady wishes to speak to Mr. Wilfer; the young clerk sent to scout reports that she is "a slap-up gal in a bang-up chariot."

H. C. TAIT

9 Aberdeen Court, W.9.

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA

SIR,—The Rev. Victor Moody asserts that there is no unemployment in Russia. How does he know that? What facilities has he had for ascertaining the facts?

J. H. FLEXMAN

Claverton,
Copse Wood Way,
Northwood, Middlesex.

[We have received a number of further letters on this subject, several vehemently attacking the Rev. Victor Moody and others equally vehemently supporting his view. The controversy appears to be unprofitable. Our own information is (*a*) that large agricultural areas in the Ukraine and elsewhere have experienced famine conditions in various degrees during the winter, (*b*) that thousands of peasants who had moved to the great towns have been sent back to the country and therefore are unemployed until they are reabsorbed (there seems, however, no lack of work), (*c*) that the Soviet Government has been anxious that foreign correspondents should not see the famine areas or the severe methods used to ensure that this year's harvest should be fully gathered in and (*d*) that this year's harvest is good and promises better things for the coming year.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

SIR,—Lady Russell states that I "do not like the idea of an ordered and tranquil world, but prefer it dangerous and untidy." This is nonsense. I praised Mr. Wells as a man of heroic stature, who never ignores the pressing problems of the age, and whose latest book is a superb effort to win mankind to accept his remedies. But I called Mr. Wells unwise, not because his remedies include cleaning the world and pacifying it, but because they include the suppression of everything which I should call poetry and religion. The citizen of Mr. Wells's ideal State would be, in my opinion, "soulless, Godless, rootless, dutyless." I think it unwise to picture that as the end and aim of human life, even though the same citizen be clean, moderately rich, and in no danger of having to fight. But let me be quite clear; I do not think that in order to preserve the poetry and religion which I value it is necessary to keep the world dirty or quarrelsome.

HERBERT AGAR

38 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

GENERALISATIONS

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Turner really is the Peter Pan of music critics; he simply *won't* grow up. One remembers the onslaughts he has written from time to time on Brahms, Wagner, César Franck and most other composers, his fervent hero-worship of Beethoven, Berlioz and Herr Artur Schnabel. And, although his articles recently have been quite sensible, in choosing as his latest Aunt Sally, Herr Thomas Mann, he has put the clock back again, entirely.

Mr. Turner's naïveté is often disarming in its childishness. "Of course," he writes, "it is necessary to generalise in order to think at all." What a pity it is that Mr. Turner does not think in order to generalise, because then he might not have made the very Fourth Form remark that "the Germans can neither think nor write."

Mr. Turner takes exception to the way in which Herr Mann identifies Zola's *Rougon Macquart* with Wagner's *Ring*. Some time ago Mr. Turner himself compared Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* with Beethoven's C Sharp Minor Quartet. Quite apart from the fact that the former work is very early Shelley and the latter very late Beethoven, where is the comparison? I am sure it would take Mr. Turner more than "fifty pages of cloudy philosophisings and pretentious generalisations" to explain it, and at the end we should still be asking ourselves, in Mr. Turner's own words, "What does this mean, does it mean anything at all?"

Mr. Turner may consider himself qualified to jeer at the music of Wagner and the mentality of Dr. Richard Strauss, but when he writes nauseous nonsense about a great novelist and essayist, he should be resolutely banished to the corner—and made to stay there.

CECIL WINTER

711 Woodbridge Road,
Ipswich.

PRINCE IGOR

SIR,—I read in the *Moscow Daily News* of September 15th that Baratov has unearthed the third Act, missing for fifty years, of Borodin's *Prince Igor*. The whole opera (four Acts) is to be given at the Bolshoi in November.

Many of us, if we could spare time, would go to the U.S.S.R. to hear this; but we must have the whole of *Prince Igor* played in London soon.

ANN BERKELBACH

ANTI-WAR EXHIBITION

SIR,—The Cambridge Anti-War Council, representing the Trades Council, the principal Trade Union branches in the locality, the University Anti-War Council, and other local organisations, is intending to arrange an Anti-War Exhibition in the second week of November. To make it of national and not only local interest, the exhibition is being prepared in a transportable form, enabling it later to be used in other parts of the country.

For this purpose I should be grateful if you would allow me to make an appeal through your columns for the gift or loan to the exhibition of any material which would help to throw light on the causes and present danger of war and the events of the last war. In particular, we are anxious to secure exhibits of the following kinds: recruiting appeals, posters and other examples of war-time propaganda, photographs of war scenes, aerial bombardment, etc., in particular of scenes of fraternisation, etc., at the front; copies of war-time newspapers, English or foreign; material relating to anti-war movements here and abroad, to war-time strikes, and to the civil war in Russia; and material relating to the methods of imperialism in colonial areas.

MAURICE DOBB,
Secretary, The Cambridge Anti-War Council

St. Andrew's,
Chesterton Lane,
Cambridge.

A SUCCESSOR TO ROY CALVERT

SIR,—The National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty is inviting applications for the post of organising and propaganda secretary, rendered vacant by the death of E. Roy Calvert. The man whose place we are seeking to fill gave up a promising post in the Civil Service eight years ago in order to devote himself to this great reform. He was in every sense a crusader, but he possessed qualities of statesmanship not always associated with the crusading spirit. He showed no trace of bitterness towards those who seemed to be upholding the principles and practices against which he was battling. He never made a statement that could not be supported by evidence of facts. He never laid himself open to the charge of being a mere sentimentalist. He was thorough and efficient in every detail of his organisation.

The Council does not expect to find anyone with exactly the same qualities as Roy Calvert possessed to take his place, but they hope that from among your readers there will be some ready, as he was, if need be to leave other work and in the same spirit to devote themselves and their gifts to this much-needed reform.

ROBERT O. MENNELL, Hon. Treasurer

National Council for the Abolition of
the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions, Victoria St., S.W.1.

BOOKS GIVEN TO WAYFARERS

SIR,—I shall be glad if you find room for a few lines on above subject. For the last six months I have been distributing reading matter to men on the road who pass this way. My road is a connecting link with three big workhouses and many men pass from one to another. Some of these men are quite well educated, and, so far as I can discover, are on the tramp for no fault of their own. They are, of course, quite out of touch of Public Libraries. If you can suggest to your readers to send magazines or books it would help me. Parcels should be addressed "Books for Wayfarers," The Book Nook, Hitchin Street, Baldock. I might mention that a kindly parson has just sent me a number of back

parts of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and these have been much appreciated by the recipients. LIONEL W. JONES

The Book Nook,
Baldock, Herts.

P.S.—I have already distributed nearly 2,000 books and magazines.

Miscellany

COLOURED SHIRTS

I HAVE been reading an account of Garibaldi's arrival in England in 1864. According to contemporary descriptions he received a welcome the like of which we have never accorded to any hero before or since. He sent Southampton, where he landed, and London, where he stayed, into a delirium. Even the sober pages of the *Athenæum* went lyrical. "The duchess sat in her chariot, and the sempstress stood beside its wheels; statesmen were seen on a hundred balconies"—evidently there was a boom in statesmen in the mid-Sixties—"and beauties were smiling from a thousand windows."

But what caught the eye, what everyone looked for, what many imitated, was Garibaldi's bright red shirt.

It was visible, beneath his grey cloak lined with scarlet, as he stood on the captain's bridge when his boat came up the Solent. And he set the fashion. The garibaldi, red only at first, but later appearing in other colours, became a popular wear for women. The garibaldi was originally a woman's garment, just as the blouse and the jumper were originally a man's.

The garibaldi, at all events, was cheerful. It struck a warm, vivid note. It appealed to a woman's eye. The same cannot be said of the shirts which go parading about to-day in the countries of the dictators. They are all sombre of hue—black, brown, dull blue. They do not lend themselves to feminine fashions. Here and there, even in London, one sees a serious young lady wearing a black blouse and handing out propaganda, but she looks, what she is, a psychological mistake. Those who designed the national flags knew better than this. They are gay colours that brave the battle and the breeze, and gay they ought to be when they wrap the chest of a hero.

And why the shirt at all as an emblem? Why not the coat, whose tails lend themselves to be trodden upon? Perhaps the coat has become a screen of concealment, in any case an impediment, a means of frustration, a hindrance to resolution. But I doubt it. I have attended on the hot days of this summer a number of meetings at which the chairman has said, in a pleasant way, "Well, gentlemen, it is very hot, and if anyone likes to take off his coat there will be no objection." A few bold spirits, amid a little chaff, divest themselves of their outer garment, one or two even go further, and take off the vest, but I notice that the chairman never avails himself of his own permission, probably feeling that some of his authority would disappear with his coat. Moreover, as a rule, the men who do take off their coats become extremely self-conscious, and from that time onwards rarely rise to take part in debate. Somehow, a coat is a necessity of oratory. The frock coat invariably accompanied Victorian eloquence, witness the statues of Bright and Cobden and other people. A consciousness of anything unusual about the attire is apt to dry up the oratorical fount. A wandering collar stud before now has spoilt a peroration. I remember, in the last Parliament but one, a vehement Labour member who wore a dicky, which, by some mischance, as he spoke, worked itself outside his waistcoat, and behaved in a wholly reprehensible fashion, with the result that his usually impassioned oratory sank to a minor key, and presently he subsided altogether and said he would not press his amendment. It is not only to women, but to men, that the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a sense of tranquillity which, as someone has said—was it Emerson?—even religion fails to bestow.

In England at any rate propriety in the matter of underwear has long been a characteristic of the working classes. I was struck by a remark by Henry Mayhew, that close observer of London life in the 'sixties, to the effect that the London costermonger strongly objected to coloured—or, as they were called in those days, "illustrated"—shirts. He would have a white shirt or no shirt at all. The white shirt had some ritual value for him. He might beat his wife and cheat his customers, but a white shirt he must have. To be seen in pink shirt sleeves—he had not descended so low as that.

The movement towards coloured shirts for fashionable wear came, not from the Old Kent Road, but from St. John's Wood. I have met the man—a well-known London sculptor, with a studio out Finchley Road way—who claims to have been the means of introducing coloured shirts into this country. He went one day to a firm of gentlemen's outfitters and asked for some blue shirts—or they may have been pink. A firm of gentlemen's outfitters is not easily rendered aghast, and the assistant in this case, supporting himself by means of a pillar behind the counter, said that such apparel was not in stock but that inquiries would be made. Inquiries were made, supplies were procured from the Continent, where the virgin whiteness of the shirt was invaded by colouring matter earlier than here, and presently daring individuals in Hampstead or Chelsea, and afterwards in Bond Street and Piccadilly, appeared in linen which was not white. The gentleman who had originally suggested the innovation has now run through most of the colours of the spectrum, and favours at present a verdant green. Yet a certain shyness persists, and I notice on hot days in the British Museum reading room that of the increasing number of men who work without their coats the great majority still wear the white shirt of a blameless life.

When the shirt first became a political emblem it is not easy to say. The first waving of the shirt that I can trace in England was in the time of George I, when the Guards revolted at the linen supplied to them, and threw their shirts over into the royal garden. The gesture was completely successful. The Duke of Marlborough, into whose garden also some of the shirts were thrown, apologised to the mutinous regiment, ordered a new supply of linen, and the obnoxious shirts were publicly burnt in Whitehall. The phrase "waving the bloody shirt" seems to have had its origin in America, and to have referred to demagogues who, during and after the Civil War, called attention to murders and outrages with a view to inflaming public opinion. As a French writer, M. Leon Fourcher, puts it, "It is by spreading out the miseries of the workmen, the 'bloody shirt' of some victim, the humiliation of all, that the people are excited to take arms."

Some connection there must be between this plainest and least provocative of garments and a degree of cerebral excitement. Sir John Lavery tells us that in New York, when riding on a crowded bus on Fifth Avenue, he spoke hesitatingly to the conductor, "Let me down at 42nd Street, will you?" A little later, afraid of passing the corner, he said, "You'll let me down at 42nd Street?" The conductor's reply was, "Keep your shirt on!"

H. C.

THE PASSING OF LORD GREY

WELL, you can see now,
See the trout leap
And the ripples creep,
See the flies gleam
On the simming stream,
See on all sides, see.

Who'd ask for you back?—
Not I, not I.
For the world's on the rack
And there's too much down-sail'd,
And it's hard on the fisher whose eyesight has fail'd.

Where the plovers cry
And the hawk swoops fieldwards
You can fill your gaze now
Where the lichen wanders
The parched grass squanders
Old love ablaze.

And beyond Earth's thunder
New rivers croon
At the back of the moon,
Loosed starwards for *you*.

Blithely they glide
Through green woods of wonder,
Where the pretty birds sing
" Tiralee, ching, ching,
O, where are you wayfaring?—
Fisherman, Fate's man,
Fair nobleman, statesman,
Fine bird friend,
True great man."

HERBERT PALMER

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE OLD VIC

SHAKESPEAREANS are divided, it is well known, into three classes; those who prefer to read Shakespeare in the book; those who prefer to see him acted on the stage; and those who run perpetually from book to stage gathering plunder. Certainly there is a good deal to be said for reading *Twelfth Night* in the book if the book can be read in a garden, with no sound but the thud of an apple falling to the earth, or of the wind ruffling the branches of the trees. For one thing there is time—time not only to hear "the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets" but to unfold the implications of that very subtle speech as the Duke winds into the nature of love. There is time, too, to make a note in the margin; time to wonder at queer jingles like "that live in her; when liver, brain, and heart" . . . "and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night" and to ask oneself whether it was from them that was born the lovely, "And what should I do in Illyria? My brother he is in Elysium." For Shakespeare is writing, it seems, not with the whole of his mind mobilised and under control but with fetters left flying that sport and play with words so that the trail of a chance word is caught and followed recklessly. From the echo of one word is born another word, for which reason, perhaps, the play seems as we read it to tremble perpetually on the brink of music. They are always calling for songs in *Twelfth Night*, "O fellow come, the song we had last night." Yet Shakespeare was not so deeply in love with words but that he could turn and laugh at them. "They that do dally with words do quickly make them wanton." There is a roar of laughter and out burst Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria. Words on their lips are things that have meaning; that rush and leap out with a whole character packed in a little phrase. When Sir Andrew says "I was adored once," we feel that we hold him in the hollow of our hands; a novelist would have taken three volumes to bring us to that pitch of intimacy. And Viola, Malvolio, Olivia, the Duke—the mind so brims and spills over with all that we know and guess about them as they move in and out among the lights and shadows of the mind's stage that we ask why should we imprison them within the bodies of real men and women? Why exchange this garden for the theatre? The answer is that Shakespeare wrote for the stage and presumably with reason. Since they are acting *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic, let us compare the two versions.

Many apples might fall without being heard in the Waterloo Road, and as for the shadows, the electric light has consumed them all. The first impression upon entering the Old Vic is overwhelmingly positive and definite. We seem to have issued out from the shadows of the garden upon the bridge of the Parthenon. The metaphor is mixed, but then so is the scenery. The columns of the bridge somehow suggest an Atlantic liner and the austere splendours of a classical temple in combination. But the body is almost as upsetting as the scenery. The actual persons of Malvolio, Sir Toby, Olivia and the rest expand our visionary characters out of all recognition. At first we are inclined to resent it. You are not Malvolio, or Sir Toby either, we want to tell them; but merely impostors. We sit gaping at the ruins of the play, at the travesty of the play. And then by degrees this same body or rather all these bodies together, take our play and remodel it between them. The play gains immensely in robustness, in solidity. The printed word is changed out of all recognition when it is heard by other people. We watch it strike upon this man or woman; we see them laugh or shrug their shoulders, or turn aside to hide their faces. The word is given a body as well as a soul. Then again as the actors pause, or topple over a barrel, or stretch their hands out, the flatness of the print is broken up as by crevasses or precipices; all the proportions are changed. Perhaps the most impressive effect in the play is achieved by the long pause which Sebastian and Viola make as they stand looking at each other in a silent ecstasy of recognition. The reader's eye may have slipped over that moment entirely. Here we are made to pause and think about it; and are reminded that Shakespeare wrote for the body and for the mind simultaneously.

But now that the actors have done their proper work of solidifying and intensifying our impressions, we begin to criticise them more minutely and to compare their version with our own. We make Mr. Quartermaine's Malvolio stand beside our Malvolio. And to tell the truth, wherever the fault may lie, they have very little in common. Mr. Quartermaine's Malvolio is a splendid gentleman, courteous, considerate, well bred, a man of parts and humour who has no quarrel with the world. He has never felt a twinge of vanity or a moment's envy in his life. If Sir Toby and Maria fool him he sees through it we may be sure, and only suffers it as a fine gentleman puts up with the games of foolish children. Our Malvolio, on the other hand, was a fantastic complex creature, twitching with vanity, tortured by ambition. There was cruelty in his teasing, and a hint of tragedy in his defeat; his final threat had a momentary terror in it. But when Mr. Quartermaine says "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you," we feel merely that the powers of the law will be soon and effectively invoked. What, then, becomes of Olivia's "He hath been most notoriously abused"? Then there is Olivia. Madame Lopokova has by nature that rare quality which is neither to be had for the asking nor to be attained by the will—the genius of personality. She has only to float on to the stage and everything round her suffers, not a sea change, but a change into light, into gaiety; the birds sing, the trees are garlanded, the air rings with melody and human beings dance towards each other on the tips of their toes possessed of an exquisite friendliness, sympathy and delight. But our Olivia was a stately lady of sombre complexion, slow moving, and of few sympathies. She could not love the Duke nor change her feeling. Madame Lopokova loves everybody. She is always changing. Her hands, her face, her feet, the whole of her body, are always quivering in sympathy with the moment. She could make the moment, as she proved when she walked down the stairs with Sebastian, one of intense and moving beauty; but she was not our Olivia. Compared with her the comic group, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, the fool were more than ordinarily English. Coarse, humorous, robust, they trolled out their words, they rolled over their barrels, they acted magnificently. We readily, one may be bold to say, could outpace Miss Sevier's Maria, with its quickness, its inventiveness, its merriment; nor add anything to the humour of Mr. Livesey's Sir Toby. And Miss Lean's *Monk* was satisfactory; and Mr. Hare's Antonio was admirable; and Mr. Worland's clown was a good clown. What

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The Book Nook,
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In England at any rate propriety in the matter of underwear has long been a characteristic of the working classes. I was struck by a remark by Henry Mayhew, that close observer of London life in the 'sixties, to the effect that the London costermonger strongly objected to coloured—or, as they were called in those days, "illustrated"—shirts. He would have a white shirt or no shirt at all. The white shirt had some ritual value for him. He might beat his wife and cheat his customers, but a white shirt he must have. To be seen in pink shirt sleeves—he had not descended so low as that.

The movement towards coloured shirts for fashionable wear came, not from the Old Kent Road, but from St. John's Wood. I have met the man—a well-known London sculptor, with a studio out Finchley Road way—who claims to have been the means of introducing coloured shirts into this country. He went one day to a firm of gentlemen's outfitters and asked for some blue shirts—or they may have been pink. A firm of gentlemen's outfitters is not easily rendered aghast, and the assistant in this case, supporting himself by means of a pillar behind the counter, said that such apparel was not in stock but that inquiries would be made. Inquiries were made, supplies were procured from the Continent, where the virgin whiteness of the shirt was invaded by colouring matter earlier than here, and presently daring individuals in Hampstead or Chelsea, and afterwards in Bond Street and Piccadilly, appeared in linen which was not white. The gentleman who had originally suggested the innovation has now run through most of the colours of the spectrum, and favours at present a verdant green. Yet a certain shyness persists, and I notice on hot days in the British Museum reading room that of the increasing number of men who work without their coats the great majority still wear the white shirt of a blameless life.

When the shirt first became a political emblem it is not easy to say. The first waving of the shirt that I can trace in England was in the time of George I, when the Guards revolted at the linen supplied to them, and threw their shirts over into the royal garden. The gesture was completely successful. The Duke of Marlborough, into whose garden also some of the shirts were thrown, apologised to the mutinous regiment, ordered a new supply of linen, and the obnoxious shirts were publicly burnt in Whitehall. The phrase "waving the bloody shirt" seems to have had its origin in America, and to have referred to demagogues who, during and after the Civil War, called attention to murders and outrages with a view to inflaming public opinion. As a French writer, M. Leon Fourcher, puts it, "It is by spreading out the miseries of the workmen, the 'bloody shirt' of some victim, the humiliation of all, that the people are excited to take arms."

Some connection there must be between this plainest and least provocative of garments and a degree of cerebral excitement. Sir John Lavery tells us that in New York, when riding on a crowded bus on Fifth Avenue, he spoke hesitatingly to the conductor, "Let me down at 42nd Street, will you?" A little later, afraid of passing the corner, he said, "You'll let me down at 42nd Street?" The conductor's reply was, "Keep your shirt on!" H. C.

THE PASSING OF LORD GREY

WELL, you can see now,
See the trout leap
And the ripples creep,
See the flies gleam
On the shining stream,
See on all sides, see.

Who'd ask for you back?—
Not I, not I
For the world's on the rack
And there's too much down-sail'd,
And it's hard on the fisher whose eyesight has fail'd.

Where the plovers cry
And the hawk swoops fieldwards
You can fill your gaze now.
Where the Itchen wanders
The parched grass squanders
Old love ablaze.

And beyond Earth's thunder
New rivers croon
At the back of the moon,
Loosed starwards for *you*.

Blithely they glide
Through green woods of wonder,
Where the pretty birds sing
" Tiraloo, ching, ching,
O, where are you wayfaring?—
Fisherman, Fate's man,
Fair nobleman, statesman,
Fine bird friend,
True great man."

HERBERT PALMER

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE OLD VIC

SHAKESPEAREANS are divided, it is well known, into three classes; those who prefer to read Shakespeare in the book; those who prefer to see him acted on the stage; and those who run perpetually from book to stage gathering plunder. Certainly there is a good deal to be said for reading *Twelfth Night* in the book if the book can be read in a garden, with no sound but the thud of an apple falling to the earth, or of the wind ruffling the branches of the trees. For one thing there is time—time not only to hear " the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets " but to unfold the implications of that very subtle speech as the Duke winds into the nature of love. There is time, too, to make a note in the margin; time to wonder at queer jingles like " that live in her; when liver, brain, and heart " . . . " and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night " and to ask oneself whether it was from them that was born the lovely, " And what should I do in Illyria? My brother he is in Elysium." For Shakespeare is writing, it seems, not with the whole of his mind mobilised and under control but with feelers left flying that sport and play with words so that the trail of a chance word is caught and followed recklessly. From the echo of one word is born another word, for which reason, perhaps, the play seems as we read it to tremble perpetually on the brink of music. They are always calling for songs in *Twelfth Night*, " O fellow come, the song we had last night." Yet Shakespeare was not so deeply in love with words but that he could turn and laugh at them. " They that do dally with words do quickly make them wanton." There is a roar of laughter and out burst Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria. Words on their lips are things that have meaning; that rush and leap out with a whole character packed in a little phrase. When Sir Andrew says " I was adored once," we feel that we hold him in the hollow of our hands; a novelist would have taken three volumes to bring us to that pitch of intimacy. And Viola, Malvolio, Olivia, the Duke—the mind so brims and spills over with all that we know and guess about them as they move in and out among the lights and shadows of the mind's stage that we ask why should we imprison them within the bodies of real men and women? Why exchange this garden for the theatre? The answer is that Shakespeare wrote for the stage and presumably with reason. Since they are acting *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic, let us compare the two versions.

Many apples might fall without being heard in the Waterloo Road, and as for the shadows, the electric light has consumed them all. The first impression upon entering the Old Vic is overwhelmingly positive and definite. We seem to have issued out from the shadows of the garden upon the bridge of the Parthenon. The metaphor is mixed, but then so is the scenery. The columns of the bridge somehow suggest an Atlantic liner and the austere splendours of a classical temple in combination. But the body is almost as upsetting as the scenery. The actual persons of Malvolio, Sir Toby, Olivia and the rest expand our visionary characters out of all recognition. At first we are inclined to resent it. You are not Malvolio; or Sir Toby either, we want to tell them; but merely impostors. We sit gaping at the ruins of the play, at the travesty of the play. And then by degrees this same body or rather all these bodies together, take our play and remodel it between them. The play gains immensely in robustness, in solidity. The printed word is changed out of all recognition when it is heard by other people. We watch it strike upon this man or woman; we see them laugh or shrug their shoulders, or turn aside to hide their faces. The word is given a body as well as a soul. Then again as the actors pause, or topple over a barrel, or stretch their hands out, the flatness of the print is broken up as by crevasses or precipices; all the proportions are changed. Perhaps the most impressive effect in the play is achieved by the long pause which Sebastian and Viola make as they stand looking at each other in a silent ecstasy of recognition. The reader's eye may have slipped over that moment entirely. Here we are made to pause and think about it; and are reminded that Shakespeare wrote for the body and for the mind simultaneously.

But now that the actors have done their proper work of solidifying and intensifying our impressions, we begin to criticise them more minutely and to compare their version with our own. We make Mr. Quartermaine's Malvolio stand beside our Malvolio. And to tell the truth, wherever the fault may lie, they have very little in common. Mr. Quartermain's Malvolio is a splendid gentleman, courteous, considerate, well bred; a man of parts and humour who has no quarrel with the world. He has never felt a twinge of vanity or a moment's envy in his life. If Sir Toby and Maria fool him he sees through it we may be sure, and only suffers it as a fine gentleman puts up with the games of foolish children. Our Malvolio, on the other hand, was a fantastic complex creature, twitching with vanity, tortured by ambition. There was cruelty in his teasing, and a hint of tragedy in his defeat; his final threat had a momentary terror in it. But when Mr. Quartermaine says " I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you," we feel merely that the powers of the law will be soon and effectively invoked. What, then, becomes of Olivia's " He hath been most notoriously abused "? Then there is Olivia. Madame Lopokova has by nature that rare quality which is neither to be had for the asking nor to be subdued by the will—the genius of personality. She has only to float on to the stage and everything round her suffers, not a sea change, but a change into light, into gaiety; the birds sing, the sheep are garlanded, the air rings with melody and human beings dance towards each other on the tips of their toes possessed of an exquisite friendliness, sympathy and delight. But our Olivia was a stately lady; of sombre complexion, slow moving, and of few sympathies. She could not love the Duke nor change her feeling. Madame Lopokova loves everybody. She is always changing. Her hands, her face, her feet, the whole of her body, are always quivering in sympathy with the moment. She could make the moment, as she proved when she walked down the stairs with Sebastian, one of intense and moving beauty; but she was not our Olivia. Compared with her the comic group, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, the fool were more than ordinarily English. Coarse, humorous, robust, they trolled out their words, they rolled over their barrels; they acted magnificently. No reader, one may make bold to say, could outpace Miss Seyler's Maria, with its quickness, its inventiveness, its merriment; nor add anything to the humours of Mr. Livesey's Sir Toby. And Miss Jeans as Viola was satisfactory; and Mr. Hare as Antonio was admirable; and Mr. Morland's clown was a good clown. What

then was lacking in the play as a whole? Perhaps that it was not a whole. The fault may lie partly with Shakespeare. It is easier to act his comedy than his poetry, one may suppose, for when he wrote as a poet he was apt to write too quick for the human tongue. The prodigality of his metaphors can be flashed over by the eye, but the speaking voice falters in the middle. Hence the comedy was out of proportion to the rest. Then, perhaps, the actors were too highly charged with individuality or too incongruously cast. They broke the play up into separate pieces—now we were in the groves of Arcady, now in some inn at Blackfriars. The mind in reading spins a web from scene to scene, compounds a background from apples falling, and the toll of a church bell, and an owl's fantastic flight which keeps the play together. Here that continuity was sacrificed. We left the theatre possessed of many brilliant fragments but without the sense of all things conspiring and combining together which may be the satisfying culmination of a less brilliant performance. Nevertheless, the play has served its purpose. It has made us compare our Malvolio with Mr. Quartermaine's; our Olivia with Madame Lopokova's; our reading of the whole play with Mr. Guthrie's; and since they all differ, back we must go to Shakespeare. We must read *Twelfth Night* again. Mr. Guthrie has made that necessary and whetted our appetite for the *Cherry Orchard*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Henry the Eighth* that are still to come.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"A Sleeping Clergyman"

Mr. Bridie's brilliant raid into the country of the biologians at the Piccadilly is timely and comforting. The arrogance of pseudo-science is tactfully punctured with this leisurely survey of what happens when you allow the socially undesirable to breed. Or rather, what may happen; for the purpose of *A Sleeping Clergyman* is most assuredly not to expound any rule of heredity, but to demonstrate the danger of trying to, its thesis being that good and evil will result from all breeding and the relative importance of each can only be decided by circumstances. Charles Cameron the First is a bad-tempered, anti-social consumptive genius who dies young. His illegitimate daughter, Wilhelmina, brought up by her maternal uncle, exhibits all his wildness and none of his genius. She seduces her uncle's dour medical assistant, poisons him and commits suicide after producing twins. In them their grandfather's genius and their father's patience are harnessed for the benefit of society. The girl becomes secretary to the League of Nations, the boy becomes a brilliant doctor who saves the world from an epidemic. On biological grounds Mr. Bridie pretends no inevitability for this sequence. But it is a tribute to his skill as a dramatist that it emerges as a natural possibility—God, in Mr. Bridie's expressed faith, probably knowing something about biology Himself. Apart from the interest of the theme, the piece is full of excellent dramatic opportunities for the players, particularly in the presentation of the ordered genius of Cameron the Second. Mr. Robert Donat takes every chance offered him, suggesting the weight of solid achievement behind all the superfluous picturesqueness. Only once is he led into caricature by the author, when Cameron is made to propose marriage-biological to his secretary while the world's agony waits for the result of his great experiment. Mr. Donat puts a bold front on the falsity, but cannot carry it through. Otherwise he gives a superb performance. Miss Dorice Fordred shows uncommon versatility in three separate roles, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger grows older and older throughout the play with a speculative graciousness which is most endearing. The symbolism of the title and certain interludes in the piece may possibly be taken as a reproach to the Church for not tackling the eugenist's windy dogmas. The point is ill-expressed and is better forgotten.

"Night's Candles," at the Queen's

A capable adaptation of de Musset's *Lorezaccio* is an enterprising thing to produce, but if it had not contained one part well suited to show Mr. Ernest Milton's powers as an actor it would hardly have been worth the trouble. As it is, the trials of adapting a play by a nineteenth-century Frenchman about sixteenth-century Florence are only too obvious, though Mr. Grant Yates has done his work cunningly. Mr. Ernest Milton has used admirable restraint in the production, but forgets—or at any rate dispenses with—it now and then in his performance, using florid gestures which have no significance; but he does manage to interest us in the subtle neurotic character of Lorenzino de' Medici. The contrast with the full-blooded Duke Alessandro is not pushed far enough, so that the Othello-Iago scenes lose some of their point and the play resolves itself into a study of Lorenzino's self-destruction which is too tenuous to be absorbing for a whole evening. The minor characters, most of them very capably played, are all keyed down too much. The quaint sort of early cinema technique of the play is well managed, and the thirteen scenes are decorated and changed simply and effectively.

"If Only Father ——"

Sir John Martin-Harvey's reputation, fortunately, can scarcely be injured, at this time of day, by such ill-balanced tawdriness as *If Only Father* ——, presented at the Savoy. Every actor-manager at some time or other realises the usefulness of rubbish. But what is one to say of a play which is not only bad in itself but a cause of badness in others? Sir John's immense ability along certain lines may equip him to portray a ghost very convincingly, but not the ghost of a Cockney grocer, pottering about the stage for three whole acts with nothing to do but administer bromides instead of spankings to his erring, unhappy offspring. Worst of all, he has not seen even such cheap potentialities as the part holds. Those carefully misplaced aitches are nothing but bad art unless reinforced by an inward understanding of amiable grocerdom in its quiddity. Miss de Silva, as his wife, makes a good shot at the pathetic loneliness of the comet's tail when the comet has vanished, and Miss Pamela Stanley, as the daughter with decent instincts, overcomes the ingenuous writing of her part with a charming sincerity. But the evening remains a depressing one.

"All Passion Spent" on the Stage

In the year of its existence the Croydon Repertory Theatre has done some excellent work, and has tried out several plays that have subsequently found a home in the West End. The production which opened their second season last week, *Indian Summer*, a stage version of V. Sackville West's novel, *All Passion Spent*, certainly deserves a similar success. On the face of it, to make a play from the book was an impossible task, but Miss Beatrice Kelston has worked with great dexterity, and if the result can hardly be called dramatic, it has so much to recommend it that nobody could fail to find it entertaining. It is full of quiet wit and acute observation, and there are moments in the first and last acts of rich comedy. Miss Jean Cadell judged the quality of the sentiment to a nicety, and her performance as Lady Slane had grace and restraint. Miss Kelston's slight additions for stage purposes are never out of key, and her subtractions are done with taste and a sense of suggestion. The play, like the book, sails very near the wind of sentimentality now and then, without ever becoming in the least uncomfortable, though Deborah's soliloquy at Lady Slane's death misses its mark by being spoken. The cast again displays the excellent judgment of Mr. Henry Cass, the producer, particularly in Mr. Eric Cowley's perfect characterisation of the dudish Lord Holland.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, October 1st—
Gerald Heard on "The Future of Nationalism," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, October 2nd—
Com. Stephen King-Hall on "Economics in a Changing World," B.B.C., 7.5.

TUESDAY, October 3rd—
Dr. Sherwood Eddy on "Dictatorships in America, Russia and Germany," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Prof. H. J. Laski on "The State as Religion," Conway Hall, 7.
Paul Rotha on "From Magic Lantern to Talkie," Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell Street, 7.30.
Prof. Dover Wilson on "Shakespeare, the Man," Morley College, 8.
Mass Meeting on "Science and Civilisation." Speeches by Prof. Einstein, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir James Jeans and others. Albert Hall, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 4th—
International Exhibition of Inventions, Central Hall, Westminster.

THURSDAY, October 5th—
Fruit and Vegetable Show, Horticultural Hall.
Sir Raymond Unwin on "Town and Country Planning," Morley College, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FORM and subject can scarcely be separated in the art of the story-teller who has conceived his tale not as a communication of facts but of emotion. So, though all criticism except that of the fingerpost variety is usually a waste of time, nothing is more useless or beside the point than to complain of an author's methods of telling a story and then praise him for something else. "A fine tale if he would set about it in a straightforward way." Very often I have been tempted to say that, but reflection shows that what I really meant was: "Reading this story has suggested another one to me which I think is an improvement." Instead of such foolishness, the real business of criticism would seem to be to show how what seems a patchwork of bad and good, is really a single fabric; that the defects and virtues of an artist's work, whether in the writing, or the invention of incident, are implicit in each other and that each of his books must be judged by the degree to which one predominates over the other. There are writers who keep a fairly level course; their bad work is never too far from their good and it seems probable that these lucky writers tend to maintain their reputations unchanged through the ages. The work of others (Wordsworth and Dickens may be taken as instances) is riddled with crevasses—at any moment the reader may be plunged headlong into an abyss of silliness or of bad taste. It is these uneven writers who are likely to be acclaimed by one generation as great and looked down on with contempt by the next. Such writers remind me of a glaring piece of linoleum, the pattern on which might be described in many ways. For at first one sees it as black crosses on a white ground; then it changes under one's eyes to diagonal interlacing strips, woven under and over each other like basket work; at one moment the pattern is a field of solid plates like the giant's causeway, in the next a honeycomb of hollow cells. All these patterns are implicit in the linoleum, but one cannot see more than one of them at a time. If you see the crosses you are necessarily blind to the diagonal strips. So it is with the work of certain writers and one sees nothing but their merits at one moment and then nothing but their faults, and so their accepted reputations swing and vary from generation to generation of critics until, perhaps, mankind just votes them tiring to the eye.

* * *

William Faulkner is pre-eminently a writer of this sort; he dazzles and fatigues and seems at one moment a monster of pretentiousness, then before one realises what is coming, one sees the story another way and believes that he is a great artist after all. But as in the linoleum, these aspects are interlocked and neither could exist by itself. If you were to break up the pattern of black crosses you would never see the diagonals. In his latest book *These Thirteen* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*) some of the stories are definitely overweighted with the bad, in others you soon see only the picture which he is drawing and become oblivious to the aspect you dislike. *All the dead pilots* is an interesting example to consider. It begins with a typical piece of swaggering bombast, loaded with throaty sentimentality of the sort which would go down well in the later stages of a smoking concert.

> Lean, hard, in their brass and leather martial harness . . . they are dead, all the old pilots, dead on the eleventh of November, 1918. But they are all dead now. They are thick men now, a little thick about the waist. . . .

The same odious whiff of whisky-begotten sentiment and two o'clock in the morning wisdom recurs:

> I like to think so; I like to think that he did through *pro patria*, even though I know that no man deserves praise for courage or opprobrium for cowardice, since there are situations in which any man will show either of them. They—the Sartorises and such—didn't die until 1918, some of them. But the girls, the women, they died on the fourth of August, 1914.

The pretentious manner of this is more important of course, because more permanent, than the nauseating sentiment about which persons of my generation are perhaps unduly squeamish. But in the same story he can write as well as this:

> Then the first shell fell. I can imagine it: he, standing in that quiet, peaceful, redolent, devastated room, with the bashed-in door and the musing and waiting city beyond it, and then that slow, unhurried, reverential sound coming down upon the thick air of spring like a hand laid without haste on the damp silence; he told how dust or sand or plaster, something, sifted somewhere, whispering down in a faint hiss, and how a big, lean cat came over the bar without a sound and flowed down to the floor and vanished like dirty quicksilver.

The making of the story, however, is not a cat but a huge fawn-coloured dog which is always eating out of the men's refuse bin. This great, inert beast becomes involved in the relationship of the American pilot, Sartoris, and its owner, Captain Spoomer, who is "betraying" him with a girl in an estaminet. It is typical of Faulkner to make use deliberately of such a ridiculous word as "betray" in such a connection. By it he gets an effect of uncouth masculinity, pretends he has no words himself and so has to use his maiden aunt's. So a film producer might make his soldier swig rum out of a china tea-cup. But to return to the story. Captain Spoomer is always shutting up his dog and Lieutenant Sartoris is always letting it out to see whether it goes down the Amiens Road after its master, and, thanks to this dog, we see both men clearly and realise exactly how and why they hate each other. The dog grips us and gets our interest and we remain enthralled until we reach the last two padded-out sentimental pages.

* * *

In the first story in the book, *Victory*, Faulkner has made his hero a Scot and provides a lot of local colour—Scottish sentimentality and a lot of talk in frightfully bad Scots. "Dinna ye thwart the lad; have no the Grays ever served the Queen in her need?" *Victory*, the only complete failure, is particularly interesting because the awkward abruptness and obscurity which characterise his other stories are absent here. The extreme badness is gone and there is nothing good. One might say that the pattern has been trodden right out of the oilcloth and there is nothing but the most dingy colouring. This leads me to think that in Faulkner's writing the good and bad are intimately linked and mutually dependent upon each other. *Red Leaves* is a different business altogether. At first reading the early pages seem to out-parody any parody. It is almost insulting that an artist should think he can produce his effects by means of such boorishness. . . . For Faulkner does not attempt to tell the reader a story, he lets him, like Macbeth, overhear that:

> Fair is foul and foul is fair
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.

> "Yao," the second said. "He is the Man now. He used to wear the shoes behind Issetibbeha's back, and it was not known if Issetibbeha knew this or not. And then Issetibbeha became dead, who was not old, and the shoes are Moketubbe's, since he is the Man now. What do you think of that?"
> "I don't think about it," Basket said. "Do you?"
> "No," the second said.
> "Good," Basket said. "You are wise."

* * *

Yes indeed! What silly old hags the witches in Macbeth were, listening to their brindled cat mewing and rushing off when Paddock calls! Yet their spells worked, and Macbeth saw every word come true. It is with some such astonishment that I read *Red Leaves* which unfolds itself slowly, almost unintelligibly: before one's eyes the worm sloughs its skin, spreads its wings to dry and flickers away in glory. It is a magnificent, a marvellous story, a work which only a great creative artist could have written. Caliban, taking us by the hand and introducing us to Prospero's island could not produce more of a surprise, for Faulkner takes us into an unimagined world, absolutely fantastic and absolutely convincing. Read it again and where is the boorishness, where are the insults to the reader, where the comic clumsiness bound to defeat the parodist? Oddly enough these qualities have entirely vanished.

DAVID GARNETT

CHARLES BRADLAUGH

Champion of Liberty: CHARLES BRADLAUGH. *Watts.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Bradlaugh Centenary Committee has celebrated its hero in a very useful volume. Here is not only a useful sketch of his life; there are also appreciations by friends and colleagues and even adversaries, together with two admirable essays on his legal work and his services to freedom of the press; while the main body of the volume is occupied by an ample and characteristic selection of his own speeches and writings. There could be no better introduction to the study of a very remarkable man.

For it is difficult not to feel now that Bradlaugh was even more remarkable than he appeared to his contemporaries. He is an eminent figure in that very English radical tradition in which Paine, Francis Place, and Richard Carlile are other notable names. Self-taught (he went to work at twelve), completely fearless, without a trace of mean ambition, eager to find out things for himself and to report with frankness what he found, it may be doubted whether there were half a dozen men in the nineteenth century who did more, or as much, for the intellectual emancipation of his time. If there was little in which he was original, there was also nothing in which he was insignificant. Free thought, agrarian reform, liberty of the press, the duty of the House of Commons to subordinate its personal prejudice to public opinion, republicanism, the cause of Ireland and of India, parliamentary reform, birth control—in all these fields he made a contribution of measurable importance to a change in the public temper. In all of them his influence was on the side of enlightenment. In all of them he gave unresting and devoted service simply because conviction compelled him to proclaim the truths he saw.

His career is an interesting commentary on the way in which a generation treats its pioneers. Vilification, not least from his clerical opponents, the use of the machinery of the law where possible to suppress his exposition, and, where that failed, at least to make it as difficult as possible, ostracism, financial pressure; all these were exerted to secure his silence. He was always financially embarrassed; he even died oppressed by debts. Yet for forty years he conducted a ceaseless propaganda in support of his principles; it is not too much to say that he forced the country to listen to him. Three times expelled from the House of Commons, he made that assembly not only admit him to membership, but do honour to his name. Fought relentlessly in the law courts, he showed there a legal skill not inferior to that of the most eminent advocates of his time. He made himself, if not a scholar, at least a man capable of appreciating over a large field the results of scholarship. He was a remarkable pamphleteer in the tradition of Paine and Cobbett, in the ability, that is, to put a big theme in simple and vigorous English so that he who runs may read. By all accounts, he was an orator surpassed in his age by not more than two or three of his contemporaries.

What was the secret of Bradlaugh's immense influence? His oratorical gift apart, I think it lay in two qualities: his courage and his sincerity. Anyone who wants evidence of these has only to read the remarkable speeches (reprinted in the centenary volume) upon his admission to the House of Commons. There is not a false note in them. Their dignity, their logic, their power to state a case with quiet and simple eloquence, are all of them masterly. There is no trace of ill-temper. There is no effort to hide the principles for which he stood. No man with any pretence to objectivity could doubt the validity of his case. And what is true of these speeches is true of practically all he wrote. He hit hard. He was always plain-spoken. He never hesitated to tear away those veils it is customary to throw around all vested interests which have become hallowed by age. His temper was a militant one, and he was not content to answer his critics; he liked to overwhelm them. But there is no offensive word, no love of invective for its own sake, no attribution of mean motive, in all that he wrote. So far as character is concerned, Bradlaugh was in a full sense a very noble man.

What, then, is the secret of the hostility he aroused? In part, I think, it was because he disturbed the complacency of his time. He not only dealt with things which dominant opinion did not wish to see attacked; he dealt with them in public in a fashion that all men could understand. He had a ready audience based on Chartists and the sons of Chartists. They recognised in him a force for intellectual emancipation second to none in his day. And the vested interests he attacked, by the very vehemence of their antagonism, paid an unconscious tribute to the depth of his influence. It is suggestive that most of those who loved him were members of the working-class. It is significant that few people from other classes ever offered him more than occasional help or sympathy. He is proof, like Bentham, like Plimsoll and like Lloyd Garrison, of what one brave man can do if he mixes brains and persistence with his courage.

No doubt he had his defects. I miss in his writings much sense of humour, though it is worth adding that a sense of humour in the circumstances he confronted would have been something of a miracle. Sometimes, also, his touch is heavy, as it so often is with the orator turned writer. His perception of economic foundations was not very different from that of the average self-made man who, having risen himself, finds the secret of well-being in energy and determination. His attacks on Socialism, for instance, rarely rise above the level of argument to which Mr. Harold Cox has accustomed us. His view of the sphere of the state is full of the fallacies which arise when we think of society as a mere aggregate of pretty equal human beings. But when all his limitations are assessed, they still leave him a figure of commanding personality.

And they reinforce the lesson—which, seemingly, men must relearn in every age—that both the conquest and the maintenance of freedom depend upon persistence and courage. They show that its enemies are always alert to take advantage of the inertia of the multitude. The real significance of Bradlaugh's career lies in the fact that he had that persistence and that courage, that he used them to awaken great numbers of men from their inertia. No doubt he was assisted in his work by the fact that the vested interests he mainly attacked were not central to the economic foundations of the time; Victorian England was not, like our own age, an age that had become dubious of tolerance because its own scheme of values was crumbling. Yet the real thing that emerges from his life is the principle that the friends of freedom must take the offensive on its behalf if they wish to make it secure. There can be no better tribute to Bradlaugh than emphasis afresh upon this truth. HAROLD J. LASKI

NEW NOVELS

No Second Spring. By JANET BEITH. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tobacco Road. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *The Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Folly Field. By ADRIAN BELL. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fallen Asleep While Young. By F. E. SILLANPAA. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ashe of Rings. By MARY BUTTS. *Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No Second Spring arrives labelled "The World Prize Novel." As the prize was awarded by a New York publisher and a London publisher in conjunction, and as there is no indication that persons of other nationalities competed, one must assume the size of the sum offered to be the excuse for the extravagant and inaccurate use of the term "world." Unless entries were few, it is difficult to believe that Miss Beith's was the best; not that *No Second Spring* is bad, but that it is no better than a dozen respectable novels which appear every season. It is, for instance, on a par, both in scope and achievement, with *The Gowk Storm*, a sad-romantic story reviewed here a month back. They also closely resemble each other in setting and period—a remote Scottish manse in the eighteen-thirties. There is nothing here to shock, puzzle, tire or stimulate; melancholy over parted lovers and children dead in infancy is all the satisfaction to be found. As soon as the Prologue reveals that "Among the portraits of these sombre ancestors hung one of a woman . . . It was unfinished," the reader knows that he is in for a heroine whom a painter will awake to passion, and that the portrait will be interrupted by her virtuous renunciation of him or, less probably, by their elopement.

But nobody in his senses objects to a familiar plot: what is necessary is that it should be transposed into the world of the writer's imagination and thus, focussed by an individual mind, interest us afresh. The clever, bigoted young minister, his wife with her natural gaiety and tolerance, the disillusioned visiting artist who succumbs to her innocent charm, the drunken scholar schoolmaster, the dour lowland servant, these—and even the classic ankle-sprain which prolongs the artist's stay—can and must

be rescued from staleness by unusual insight or great vividness of presentment, or fullness of perception and knowledge pressing upward to create a style. This necessary miracle occurs once or twice for a brief moment in *No Second Spring*: in a morning snow-scene near the beginning, and later, when Hamish, maddened by Alison's new coldness, revenges himself by a hell-fire denunciation of their small child Jean. For the rest, the characters are but half-born: Andrew, the painter—no gay deceiver but a genuine lover—is particularly flat and unconvincing, and the West Highland land- and sea-scapes, pleasantly described, are not enough consolation. There is one change of scene, when Hamish visits London; but this is an inorganic excursion, his absence in Edinburgh being quite sufficient to favour the growth of illicit love. It reads as if designed to display the author's knowledge of what important buildings were under construction, or already in existence, at that time. Indeed, there is something faintly school-marmish about the whole story, but without that redeeming Pentecostal fire which descended when two school-marm Brontës sat down to compose.

The English of our day undoubtedly have a mania for novels of family life; but *Tobacco Road* is unlikely to gain many readers on that score, for, although it introduces us to a grandmother, a father, a mother, a daughter and a son living together, the atmosphere is far from cosy and domestic; nor is their half-starved existence worthy of the name of life. The Lesters are ex-farmers in present-day Georgia, ruined by changing economic conditions, clinging to the land of their fathers for which they cannot afford cotton-seed, yet tormented every spring by the desire to sow. They stifle the pains of hunger by taking snuff, barter their daughters for turnips, occasionally try to sell a load of wood or pray with the itinerant preacher Sister Bessie. They are feckless, totally illiterate, resigned to dying by inches of hunger rather than seek town life and the mills. They are "poor whites," closely resembling negroes, as we have grown to know them in novels—I had difficulty in remembering that Sister Bessie was not a negress. But there is nothing fiction-inspired or second-hand about Mr. Caldwell; he has written an admirable, controlled, convincing book. His method is to display the Lesters largely by dialogue and without comment. Only once does he depart from his excellent convention—he cannot resist obtruding to point a finger at the immediate, childish, almost wilful ruination of Sister Bessie's brand new Ford. At the very end he listens momentarily to the insinuating voice of sentiment, and makes Dude, the hard-boiled sixteen-year-old boy, suddenly develop the same craving to prepare the land for seed that his father had. This, given Dude's nature as shown, is incredible. Otherwise the book is as self-consistent, as apparently inevitable, as the degradation it displays. The humour which runs through it is an absolutely integral part of the substance—an essential aspect of the grim truth revealed, not a subtle exploitation of the author's perceptiveness, as is so often the case with humour. It is this subjugation of self, this identification of the writer with his material, combined with complete detachment, which is one of the seeming paradoxes of artistic creation. When it is attained the result will be satisfying, however narrow the work's scope or painful its subject matter.

Folly Field, though also about farmers, is a book of a different kind, delicate, charming, with marked weaknesses. Even when death brings grief and winter cold, a sweet air blows over the east-country fields below the "Folly" shown upon the wrapper. The Parlosses, their labourers, the landscape, the market town, the agricultural processes are delightfully rendered. The story is told from the point of view of the younger son Dick, who is a child when it begins. His childish friendship with Sally is particularly well done. Dick is destined by his father and the parson to the higher education and gentility. His brother Bert emigrates to South America, which is the occasion for a passage of great beauty when Mr. Bell describes him ploughing a valedictory furrow. Then Mr. Parloss dies and Dick, relinquishing the prospect of Cambridge, in "a still, brilliant, dripping quiet" after the stormy funeral, decides to become a farmer. So far, the writer shows mastery of his material. Going further, his touch is much less sure. Cyril, Dick's contemporary, who does go to Cambridge and develops an interest in the fine arts, is described with a querulous scorn oddly suggestive of envy; and Sally, when she returns after an absence of years, is an unreal figure. The machinery by means of which she returns and meets Dick again, while theoretically impeccable, creaks in working. It is with relief and with renewed delight that we return to Folly Field—to threshing, the birth of a calf, and dressing the barley for seed.

In *Fallen Asleep While Young*, well translated from the Finnish by Alexander Matson, we remain in farming and country circles. It tells the story of a servant girl whose father had been, at the start, a well-to-do farmer; we know at the outset that she is doomed to early death. The book is quiet, solid, well-written, slow in movement, its tone muted with reflection. It provides a good antidote to the elegant contortions of Miss Mary Butts. The latter has sensibility and a pen skilled in swift description, but she lacks sense; and she has, it seems, only one story to tell. *Ashe of Rings* appeared twelve years ago in Paris and America. Like its successors, it concerns the devotion of a brother and sister, and there is the usual young, queer, foreign hanger-on. As in *Felicity Taverner*, there is an unsympathetic, philistine elderly woman in power; as in *Armed With Madness*, there is magic and witchcraft, and a house isolated between the downs and the sea—this time, a country mansion. The first Ashe with whom we make acquaintance is Anthony, a cultivated widower of the 'nineties, who brings up his daughter Van on a diet of Greek myths in the true Hewlett manner. He is not satirically treated—Miss Butts shares his opinion of the profound educational value of acting classical charades. Van is the centre of the book; she, since her younger brother's origin is in doubt, is the next "Ashe of Rings." The witchcraft is directed against her, with what object it is difficult to make out. That is the trouble. There are things beautifully perceived and caught, as when, in a London war-time flat, "the spring wind whistled above the gas fire, the cold sun rolled in and poured out again, like water off a cliff"; but too often, owing to the affectations and allusiveness of the style, one cannot understand what is meant. Nor do the magic influences and events justify themselves as symbols expressing the almost-inexpressible; instead of indicating unplumbed depths they contribute to the impression of superficiality. Here, as in the other books named, we watch a brilliant precocious adolescent showing off. We admire, we tire quickly, we hope that her promise will be fulfilled. Perhaps Miss Butts has not found in fiction her appropriate form. A biography—an array of solid facts to fit into place—might bring out the knowledge, the feeling which the fireworks hide. She has recently published a book on Philip of Macedon (I have not yet read it) which may be the prelude to a new stage in her career.

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A MYSTICAL PSYCHO-ANALYST

Modern Man in Search of a Soul. By C. G. JUNG. *Kegan Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Under a somewhat imaginative title a series of recent essays by Dr. C. G. Jung is collected. They have been ably translated from the German. Both their style and content are such as to appeal particularly to serious-minded readers who are not specialists in psychology.

Dr. Jung possesses the qualities which are necessary for a good practical psychologist. He is frank about himself and he is sensitive to the feelings of others. Judging by these pages, however, it cannot be said that he is a scientist. Throughout the book he records acute observations from his clinical work with patients suffering from mental illness, but the reader may find it difficult to understand the significance of the conclusions to which his observations have led him. There is, for an example, an essay on the basic *postulates* of analytical psychology. Surely if psychology is a natural science it rests on observation and hypothesis and not on postulates? It appears to the author to be necessary to postulate some sort of a soul. He brings forward this notion rather apologetically after having pointed out that such worthy societies as the Mind Association and the British Psychological Society have indulged in the discussion of even wilder fancies.

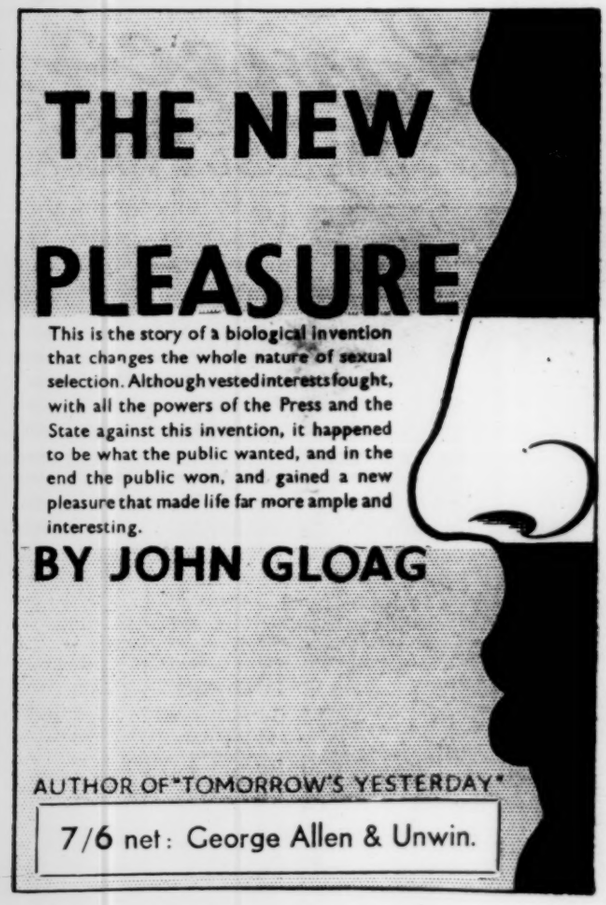
The psychology of types, with which Dr. Jung is closely associated, is dealt with in another essay. Our old friends the extravert and the introvert reappear, to be sub-divided each into four sub-types. That there are exactly four functions—thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition—which can be connected with either of the attitudes, extraversion and introversion, is asserted to be an empirical fact. Since there is no hint in the book of the evidence on which this sub-division is based we must take the statement on trust.

It is just twenty years since the names of S. Freud and C. G. Jung last appeared together on the front page of the *Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische Forschung*. During this interval the two psychologists have drifted far apart. In the present volume Dr. Jung states his position in regard to the estrangement. He accuses Freud of inability to understand religious experience. He, rather inconsequently, also takes exception to the idea of the "super-ego" which is claimed to be Freud's "furtive attempt to smuggle in his time-honoured image of Jehovah in the dress of psychological theory." There seems to be reason for believing that Freud and Jung do not differ so essentially on questions of the facts of psychology as on the interpretation of these facts. Both agree that the psychotherapist must himself be treated as a patient. "A man who suffers from a running abscess is not fit to perform a surgical operation." But there are differences of opinion about method. Freud's attitude is certainly based on the scientific outlook, even though it is sometimes speculative. On the other hand, Jung bases his attitude on mystical beliefs, and he is sympathetic to the religions of the East. He believes in a kind of fatalism rather than in determinism. "If I wish to effect a cure for my patients," he says, "I am forced to acknowledge the deep significance of their egoism. I should be blind, indeed, if I did not recognise in it the true will of God."

When writing on topics which are not immediately associated with his analytical psychology Dr. Jung is both stimulating and original in his outlook. The chapter on archaic man, which describes his own experiences with natives, is very interesting and dramatic. His account of psychology and literature contains a defence of the work of art as a thing worth having in itself, and he points out, as, indeed, Freud has also, that to make a psychological analysis of the motives and associative influences behind a novel or poem should not detract from its aesthetic value.

The general impression left by these essays is that there is some truth in almost every view. We are to be content to have multiple psychologies, just as there are multiple philosophies, and everyone's ideas on psychology are merely reflections of their own inner minds. We are not expected to find completely general laws about mental mechanisms. The writer of these essays is content to have his views accepted as an honest attempt to describe what the universe looks like from his point of view alone. "I do not forget," he says, "that my voice is but one voice, my experience a mere drop in the sea, my knowledge no greater than the visual field in a microscope, my mind's eye a mirror that reflects a small corner of the world, and my ideas—a subjective confession."

L. S. PENROSE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AUTHOR OF "TOMORROW'S YESTERDAY"
7/6 net: George Allen & Unwin.

GOG MAGOG

Gog Magog: and Other Critical Essays. By G. W. STONIER. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The refreshing quality in Mr. Stonier's book of collected critical papers is his discreet faculty of enjoyment. Zest, to a whole new school of critics, has become suspect. Peering apprehensively down at furrow after furrow, armed with the best-quality insecticide sprays, they scrutinise the field of letters with the air of "experts" tracking down the Colorado Beetle; and after intensive examination, with due reservations, two plants here, three or four there, are pronounced fit for human consumption. It is a noble and necessary task, but a dispiriting spectacle. And it is a relief to turn to a writer who, although he certainly does not belong to the gleeful share-this-with-me type of book-guide, is nevertheless able to read a book for what it has to offer, and not as so much case-material, to be tested, classified and, generally, rebutted.

The first of Mr. Stonier's essays, which gives its rather cryptic title to the collection, is at first sight a fragmentary assemblage of notes, brief paragraphs, aphorisms. But read as a whole its elliptic sequence offers a stimulating series of ideas which do much to sketch Mr. Stonier's approach to the subjects he writes upon in the more rounded studies that follow. It is significant, for instance, that he opens with a parable of a street scene: for Mr. Stonier, though he has mething of a bookman's approach, is always aware of the noise life outside. He joins the crowd watching the brick facing being set upon the steel framework of a new Oxford Street building, and further on stands to watch the demolition of another—"the men like alpinists, balanced on summits and hacking away at the brick beneath them—the awkward loom of a crane, like a giant lobster, wheeling, clawing, and lifting rubbish"—and realises that the spectacle is reflected in the state of modern literature—

> What a fascination it has, this ruthless pulling down, and the outlines of a new construction! The bared skeleton, fibre of workmanship! It is the *process* that fascinates; no one cares about the dilapidation that is being erased or the neutral efficiency that is taking

its place. For the artist, at any rate, there is no beauty here of beginning or end, but only this intermediate beauty—the transition, the stir, the incompletion—the building half-way up or down and the emergent pattern.

With this emergent pattern Mr. Stonier is largely concerned. And he is, of course, bound to examine, amongst others, such contemporary figures as D. H. Lawrence, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Joyce, and that rare artificer of language, born too early but revealed, by a strange hazard, at an apt moment —Gerard Manley Hopkins. The essay on the last-named is a good introduction to that fascinating poet: so good, so far as it takes us, that we are left (as often throughout the book) with a wish that Mr. Stonier could give himself more elbow-room; he effectively disposes of the curiously misleading idea that Hopkins was a great poet who took the wrong path by turning to the religious life. But in considering the work of Mr. Eliot, on the other hand, he tends to misapprehend the later poems of Mr. Eliot by underestimating the force of their religious inspiration, although his analysis of the earlier work, up to and including *The Waste Land*, carried out in the convenient form of a dialogue between "Critic" and a somewhat Prodnose-like "Plain Reader," is remarkably illuminating and exact. It is a lapse in Mr. Stonier's approach to remark, even incidentally, that Mr. Eliot's oft-quoted phrase about an attitude "royalist in politics, classicist in literature, and Anglo-Catholic in religion" should only "make us grin."

But there is a refreshing quality, too, in the versatility of Mr. Stonier's criticism. His mind is receptive to aesthetic currents that are not only or purely literary: he can catch the sense of wonder and the limpidity that permeate the stories of Hans Andersen, the human values that underlie such a life as Strindberg's or Barbellion (whose *Journal of a Disappointed Man* has suffered the penalty of sudden notoriety and dropped into premature neglect), or observe fresh aspects of the art of opera or the film. The short essay on "The Movies" shows that Mr. Stonier could write excellently on that still inadequately criticised art: for, as an art which impinges on the visual, the audible, and the literary, it demands just such an all-round power of perception as Mr. Stonier possesses. Indeed, he has a remarkable gift for throwing out critical ideas, almost at random, and they call out for fuller examination and treatment by his hand. It is to be hoped that he will follow up some of these lines of inquiry on a more generous scale, for he traces here a critical standpoint of real value to the age of transition with which he is here primarily concerned. But meanwhile, as a collection of *choses vues* in the contemporary literary scene, *Gog Magog* can be strongly recommended for its vivacity and variety.

ANOTHER GRAND OLD VICTORIAN

The Life of Stratford Canning. By E. F. MALCOLM-SMITH. *Benn.* 18s.

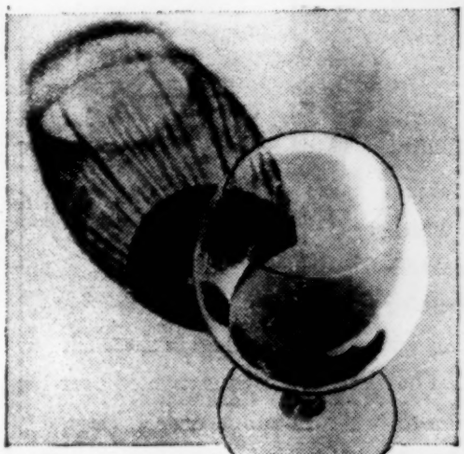
It is a fascinating story, that of the dynamic vitality of Stratford Canning grappling eternally with the unspeakably static nature of the Turk. So closely is he associated in our minds with Constantinople in the 'fifties that we are apt to forget his share in the creation of the kingdom of Greece; still more do we neglect his diplomatic début, when, at the age of twenty-five, he brought about the momentous Treaty of Bucharest, whose conclusion—in that it released all Russia's resources for the struggle against Napoleon—was in Wellington's opinion "the most important service that ever fell to the lot of any individual to perform."

On the whole it is agreeable to read the pages of a sympathetic, rather than those of a sneering, biographer. But in the great controversy as to Stratford de Redcliffe's share in making the Crimean War Miss Malcolm-Smith does not, I think, clear her hero as completely as she would wish. Earlier she has, for instance, admitted that Lord Stratford's personal feud with the Tsar was to a certain degree at the bottom of his Russophobia. Finally, she declares that "in the last resort, it was the nation rather than Lord Stratford, Lord Palmerston or any other British statesman, that brought about Great Britain's participation in the Crimean War," because the nation detested tyranny. It is a little surprising that she should imply a previous neglect of the factor of public opinion at this time, in view of Mr. Kingsley Martin's brilliant study, *The Triumph of Lord Palmerston*. For to say that the nation plunged into war is not to tell the reader very much. The questions before the historian are surely: Why did the nation seize upon one bogey rather than another? Which individuals were responsible for the national decision? After all, in 1854 the English were willing to fight as the allies of the Man of December, nor by 1914 had the grandsons who fought with the Second Nicholas grown more slavish than their grandfathers who fought against the First.

As Miss Malcolm-Smith herself writes, "Lord Stratford would have been bitterly disappointed if the chance to bring Russia to book had been allowed to slip;" and in January, 1856, one is told that "he had been looking forward to another campaign to bring Russia yet further to her knees." It is difficult to feel that this bellicosity was either humane or intelligent. European relations were soured in the succeeding years by Russia's resentment over the humiliation of 1856 in something of the way in which Germany's resentment has worked since 1918; it would have been stupid to wound Russia more deeply. Moreover, as Mr. Simpson has pointed out, Napoleon III brought the war to an end by teasing Clarendon with those very Polish claims to which Lord Stratford was intensely sympathetic.

It is difficult to decide whether Stratford was really a great diplomatist. He put his money on the wrong horse, and in the end became tragically aware of it. His technical equipment consisted, we are told, "in courage and dogged honesty, the readiness with which he assumed responsibility and the trust he inspired." "There was a somewhat too evident assumption of dignity and reserve in his manner, which was intended to impress people with the utmost respect for the Queen's Ambassador, and, if the occasion required it, with awe;" and as the years went on he clearly grew not merely overbearing but quarrelsome. Continental caricatures of British diplomats rather spring to one's mind, and one wonders how Stratford would have survived the supreme test of a diplomatic tussle with Bismarck. His parliamentary career was an acknowledged failure, while his poetry makes one sympathise with the strictures of Mr. Layard and wish that he had confined such efforts to the "twaddle" of his youth.

It was rather as some kind of free-lance missionary, the direct agent of no mere missionary society, but of God Himself, that he was a magnificent phenomenon. His belief in his divine mission



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MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

was but part of the armour of that phalanx of Grand Old Victorians to which he belonged. Persistent calls to Constantinople magnified this sentiment. It may be that if he had stayed among the Swiss "patriots covered with cocked hats," who could vie with his own countrymen in uprightness and energy, his preaching tendencies would not have been over-developed. His humanitarian achievements in the affair of the Apostates and in a hundred matters besides were indeed heroic, and are finely emphasised by Miss Malcolm-Smith: "throughout the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire the humblest and most downtrodden of its inhabitants knew that they could obtain redress . . . by an appeal to the British Embassy." In the classic cultivation of his mind one is again reminded of the Gladstonian type, and the British Museum is deeply indebted to Lord Stratford for much Assyrian stuff and the Halicarnassus marbles. His prodigious vitality which, like that of Lord Carnock, wore out his attachés, is another quality which links him with Palmerston and the other giants of the age. One closes the story of his life with an ambivalent gasp. How tragic his public career, and yet how happy his private life! What an old terror, and yet how majestically admirable!

E. W.

THE ONLY WAY?

The Autobiography of Sir John Martin-Harvey. *Sampson Low.* 12s. 6d.

Sir John Martin-Harvey should be grateful for his good gifts. He has achieved eminence and success on the stage. He is a clever draughtsman, as witness the sketches by him in this volume. And he has written his own life and made almost every page of it interesting and vital, from his boyhood in the shipyard of Wivenhoe to the production of *Scaramouche*, which the *Manchester Guardian* considered "a pure delight," and which caused Mr. James Agate to utter an inarticulate "Ugh!" when he thought of it.

And nobody writes a book on "The Nullity of All Criticism."

The whole race of Crummles will read Sir John's autobiography with eager interest, criticism, and delight. And that unhappy remnant of humanity which cannot boast even of a "walk on" will find that actor's shop is the best shop in the world—when it is as vividly discussed as it is in this book.

It is full of points of interest. For example, the young Martin-Harvey knew that veteran actor Howe familiarly for many years. Howe was born in 1812 and had interviewed Edmund Kean.

"When young Howe said he wanted to be an actor, Kean turned upon him with 'Well, Cully, can you *starve*?"

And Howe was fond of giving an imitation of the manner in which Kean spoke Shakespeare: "It was so good," says Sir John, "that one could realise what Coleridge meant when he said that to hear Kean speak Shakespeare was like reading him by flashes of lightning." I do not know whether Sir John Martin-Harvey is a good mimic—mimicry and acting are not synonymous by any means—but if he feels this gift within him, he should transmit the tones and diction of Kean to the gramophone record, that we and the after ages may realise to some extent the power that shook mens' hearts more than a hundred years ago.

Again, the author notes a very singular fact in theatrical representation: that an audience will accept "strange nonsense" if the words are spoken with conviction. This is true; and an instance comes to my own memory. A "pastoral" company—play out of doors unless it rains, and if it does, play in the town hall with an aspidistra and a geranium in flower-pots to represent the Forest of Arden—was starting its tour at Northampton thirty years ago. In the evening *As You Like It* was given. It was the first performance of the tour, and some of the actors were playing their parts for the first time. And so Orlando spoke of "Old Adam" as being "oppressed by two weak *eagles*, age and hunger." The younger son of old Sir Rowland said he had seen a wretched ragged man o'ergrown with hair, who "lay sleeping on his *neck*." And, to crown all, Corin proudly declared: "I earn that I get, eat that I wear"—and no sign of amusement proceeded from the audience at any one of these strange pronouncements. The Corin of that unhappy evening presents this memory to Messrs. Harcourt Williams and Henry Ainley; and I think we may all three console ourselves with the reflection that Sir John Martin-Harvey, on his own confession, once said in the character of Salarino:

To hurp dirada hum ditherderum

instead of

To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

And Shylock (Irving) was waiting for his cue in the wings; and nothing was said, in front or behind.

The author is so far from sharing in the egotism of which many actors have been accused that he devotes a great part of his book to the Lyceum and to that great and tragic figure, Sir Henry Irving. He is deeply loyal to the memory of his "old master." He is fully mindful of his wife's admonition, that the 'eighties and the 'nineties held more firmly to the honour and state of authority than we do now; but it is clear that his pupilage at the Lyceum was a *peine forte et dure*. Irving could not or would not be jolly or at ease with his company. It may have been sheer policy, it may have been sheer inability. At any rate, Sir John describes the effect of Irving's very occasional visits to the Green Room. The chatter fainted; the jokes were cut short; cheerfulness died down; the company sat silent on their green chairs, smiling weakly and uneasily and respectfully, like schoolboys when the Head enters the form room. It may be questioned whether such a relation, so great a gulf between "the Guv'nor" and the governed, was calculated to promote, especially in the case of the younger members of the company, the spirit of cordial endeavour and the desire to learn all that was to be learnt. Men differ; some, perhaps, profit by terrorism on the stage and off. I cannot say; but I am thankful that such elements as I was able to acquire were imparted to me by Sir Frank Benson, and not by Sir Henry Irving.

There is the larger question: did Irving deliberately browbeat and belittle into insignificance every actor in his company who might possibly compete with him? Mr. Bernard Shaw affirms; Sir John, present for many years at every Lyceum rehearsal, denies, and denies emphatically.

He admits, however, unsuitable engagements and miscasting; and he admits also that, in such cases, the Lyceum process might well be a painful one. He tells how he himself was badgered into vertigo, and how Conway, cast for Faust, fell down a trap, burst into tears, and resigned his part. And, Alexander, the next choice for *Faust*, told me that after a Lyceum rehearsal, he would go home, cry, and inform his wife that he had clearly mistaken his profession.

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ARTHUR MACHEN

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A SKETCH-MAP OF EUROPE

The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe To-day. By G. D. H. COLE and M. I. COLE. *Gollancz.* 6s.

To be educated as a citizen is to have in one's mind a working sketch-map of the world one lives in, to have a general notion of where one stands in relation to the historical, economic and sociological processes going on around one. Without such a mental sketch map, economic collapse, unemployment, revolution, war and the threat of war come suddenly, phenomena as unexpected and inexplicable as earthquakes and hurricanes. And because hundreds of thousands of people who have learnt to read are conscious that school has provided them with no such map of their world, and that the newspapers trade on their ignorance and lack of training, there is to-day a very large new public hungry for any book which gives an "outline," whether of science, economics, history, foreign affairs, religion, or indeed of any aspect of the unexplained environment in which the bewildered citizen gropes, wondering what will hit him next. With Europe dissolving before our eyes and with every prospect of England's sharing in the general destruction, a book which surveys the foreign situation authoritatively, lucidly and objectively and which runs to eight hundred pages (at nine pence a hundred) should exactly suit the need of the moment.

Authoritative, lucid and objective—these are the qualities that are immediately apparent in the Coles' outline. Authoritative, in the sense that the generalisations proceed not from a desire to attract attention but from a grasp of a vast body of facts which there is no room to state; lucid, because the irrelevant is rigorously excluded and the argument simple and sustained; objective, because the authors have not hidden either their own thesis or the objections that have to be overcome in order to sustain it. In so ambitious an attempt there are, of course, plenty of things to which students of each particular aspect will raise objections. It is impossible to write a hundred page summary of European history from Charlemagne to the present day which does not aggravate professional historians. Yet for the public for which the book is intended this summary is a necessary preliminary to Part II, which discusses conditions in each European country to-day, and of Part IV, which describes their present political systems. Part IV is an extremely competent survey of the economic situation in Europe, and Part V summarises the international relations of the European nations, and the story of the League of Nations and the I.L.O. The last section puts the issue, as the Coles' see it, between national capitalism and international Socialism, and it does not neglect the possible variants.

As outliners the Coles have no equals and only one superior in this country. Their honesty and objectivity are admirable. They are, if anything, too anxious not to over stress their own interpretation. As students they are exceedingly conscientious; as literary artists a little perfunctory. Their writing tends to be "flat"; there are occasional moments when one feels that one is reading an encyclopaedia, a summary, invaluable for reference, but not sufficiently pointed or significant to hold one's sustained attention for so many pages. If H. G. Wells had never written an outline one would say this flat quality was inevitable in a book which covers such an immense field. But Wells has shown that it is possible to provide a sketch map which is coloured as well as clear, which by its imaginative power compels attention and sets people thinking who had not meant to think. I do not mean that the book is in general dull: far from it. But, as hyper-criticism, I note that it lacks this compelling quality: while the reader who is determined to get his outline will get it and find much made clear that was inexplicable, the half-hearted reader whose wish to understand is only a vague discomfort, might, I think, read it and forget it, or begin to read it and not finish it. But this is only to say that the Coles are not great literary artists. Their book triumphantly carries out its ambitious object and should serve to give thousands of people a clearer idea of the forces surrounding them and of the menacing issues which historians commonly fear to state.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Tight Corners of My Adventurous Life. By MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Viva Villa! A Recovery of the Real Pancho Villa, Peon, Bandit, Soldier, Patriot. By EDGCUMB PINCHON. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

In this spirited and vivacious narrative Mrs. Alec-Tweedie surveys her life, which she rightly calls adventurous, and gathers from her wide experience salient incidents of her travel and other adventures. Many of the tight corners she describes are experiences of physical dangers faced and overcome and of vicissitudes of fortune courageously and successfully countered. Perhaps the tightest corner described is that in which Mrs. Alec-Tweedie tells how through the deaths of father and husband she was compelled to make her own way in the world, and to take up travel and writing as the serious business of her life. In her present book she covers a wide field geographically and biographically, and proves herself once again the equal of any special correspondent who has set out to see the world and write about it. As in her various books on the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz, so here Mrs. Alec-Tweedie demonstrates her bias towards that form of government which makes for the commercial exploitation that business men call progress. Hence the least satisfactory of the chapters are those which deal with Soviet Russia and Japan's adventure in Manchuria. As a corrective to this point of view what could be better than Mr. Pinchon's vividly impressionist biography of Villa? Reading this story of the famous rebel it is easy to believe that had not the position been complicated by the presence in Mexico of English and American business men Villa might have succeeded in founding a real democratic republic under his own Presidency. The execution of Benton made success impossible; but Villa never understood why so much bother was made over a death which by Mexicans in Mexico, where death is held lightly, would have been held as an ill turn of fortune to be accepted philosophically.

Poems, 1912–1932. By EDWARD SHANKS. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Shanks's collected poems make a solid volume; and their level of excellence varies remarkably little on the whole. They are arranged chronologically, the poet having come to see in his work more and more a spasmodic and fragmentary diary—not that it contains the least hint of connected narrative; but, as the pieces are almost all in a certain sense "occasional," some kind of life history is, of course, implied. The main themes throughout are love and nature: the love poems are rather sentimentally voluptuous, and attempt a strain of paganism which they do not quite bring off. The lyric thread is broken by a couple of poetic plays, which have the lost look peculiar to their genus, and by a narrative or two, classical or indeterminately exotic, exhibiting the same drawback in a less degree. Mr. Shanks might fairly be described as a distinguished amateur. His poems echo so many different styles and cadences that one is continually held up to ask oneself: Who is *that* like?—but the derived note is almost always rather woolly;

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THE DYING PEACE

by Vigilantes

PROFESSOR HAROLD J. LASKI, in his Preface to this Pamphlet, says:—"This pamphlet is not merely the most formidable indictment so far published of the National Government's international policy. For that alone it would be valuable since it makes clear beyond the possibility of mistake the fatal direction given to our affairs since 1931. It is important for the British people to understand what its Government is doing in its name; and, on this side, these pages have the great merit of drawing attention to those implications with direct and incisive clarity. But they do more than this. They make the reader see that we have got to make a choice between international government and international anarchy: more, we have got to make the choice quickly if it is to be a real choice. The authors of this pamphlet have put forward concrete suggestions whereby this country at least may affirm, if it will, its determination to stand by the full implications of the Covenant. Their appeal is more than a party appeal. They represent a rallying-point round which may gather all, whether socialist or conservative, cleric or layman, who believe that the interests of civilisation can only be served by the maintenance of peace."

CONTENTS

I.

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most markedly so, perhaps, in song or ballad, where there is no room for talented assimilation. It is interesting to compare this volume with the work of an earlier but similar poet, such as Longfellow. Both are thoroughly average in their ideas, and rather literary in their inspiration: but Longfellow quite clearly had the better time. Mr. Shanks has his predecessors not merely in his mind but on it. True, he has the benefit of an erotic vein which has grown quite respectable, though rather shy-making; but then he would never dare to be, for pages, tranquilly prosaic. The effect is an undoubted increase in richness and variety, but perhaps some loss of charm.

Alexander the Great. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. *Butterworth.* 18*s.*

Whether or no the "debunking" of Alexander is possible or desirable, this at least is certain: Mr. Weigall is not the man to do it, his weapons are too clumsy. His scholarship, however, is such that this study is packed with interest; but the majesty of the Macedonian has eluded his not too ingenuous vulgarisation. The indisputable facts are too stupendous for such depreciation, perhaps for any depreciation. To deny Alexander's strategy or question his tactics is vain in view of his military accomplishment. To quarrel with his statecraft is futile, when we remember the conquered provinces he continually left practically ungarrisoned in his rear. As for the stories of his cruelty and credulity, they cancel out when put beside the stories of his generosity and his common sense. It is Mr. Weigall's merit that he tells all the stories; and if he believes most of them, including and particularly his own glosses, that but adds a certain piquancy to a narrative that even when most irritating is still readable.

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. By HORACE BRODZKY. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a disappointing little book, since it contains neither a critical examination of Gaudier-Brzeska's work nor a biographical account of his career, but consists for the most part of fragmentary and unrelated reminiscences, written in a slipshod, repetitive, and often ungrammatical style. It cannot be said that Mr. Brodzky has added to, or improved on, the portraits of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska and his strange consort, Mlle. Sophie Brzeska, already drawn by Mr. Ede in his delightful, if somewhat over-dramatic, biographical study, *Savage Messiah*, published not long ago. The best feature of Mr. Brodzky's book are its illustrations—sixty-nine of them, uniformly excellent.

An Airman Marches. By Captain H. H. BALFOUR, M.C., M.P. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

In *An Airman Marches*, Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P., gives a very readable and honest account of his own life. During the war he was alternately a fighting pilot at the front and a test pilot and instructor at home. He makes no pretence at heroism, and glosses nothing. While he was obviously a very fine pilot who willingly accepted every danger incidental to flying, which he loved, he intensely disliked fighting in the air. It is a pity he did not confine the book to his experiences as an airman, for his account of Fleet Street is commonplace and his views on Parliament and politics rather muddle-headed.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 40.—JOYVILLE

I have had a number of letters from some young friends of mine at Joyville, in which they all refer to a sort of beauty-competition that they seem to have been mixed up with. These letters are rather irritating, for apart from the detestable nature of this avocation, they are all of a very patchy and fragmentary kind, and none of them gives me anything like a straightforward account. Extracts from them are as follows:

From Basil:

"I've been acting as one of the judges to choose Miss Joyville. Six girls competed, and it was agreed that the ten judges should each have ten votes to distribute as he liked among the competitors, but that as a safeguard against 'plumping' none of us would give a 'duck' to more than one competitor. Annette was undoubtedly the winner—at any rate eight of us thought so. But the judging was a puzzling business, and in my view there was nothing to choose between the rest of the competitors."

From Hamish:

"I didn't quite agree with Basil; I thought that Fern was every bit as attractive as Annette, but I did agree with him about the rest; while Victor thought that some other girl shared Annette's pedestal."

From Fern:

"Annette got four times as many votes as I did; three of the judges gave me no votes at all, and Jim, my fiancé, only bracketed me second with Sonia. Even so, she did better than I, though she got no votes from either Alec or Stephen, and only one from Lionel."

From Mayblossom:

"I only got third place. Teddy—the blighter—gave me no marks at all, and even Victor gave Annette one more than me."

From Everard:

"Annette was an easy winner. I thought her worth more than all the others put together, and Lionel was nearly as enthusiastic. But no two of us distributed his votes numerically in exactly the same way. Geoffrey had the strange idea of giving Sonia second place; in actual fact, the second place went to Helen."

From Prudence:

"I was rather a flop, but anyway Alec thought me just as good as Mayblossom, and better than Helen, and I'm bucked at beating Sonia."

Now, just how did those ten judges distribute their votes?

PROBLEM 38.—THE RIPOSTE CLUB

To obtain a clear win in either pool, a man must win each of his matches. Thus in the four pool the winner must win three matches and must not have been hit more than three times in any one of them. The total number of hits scored against him may be anything from 0 to 9. These numbers may be made up in 64 different ways and the number of ways in which any particular one of them, a say, can be made up is the coefficient of x^a in the expansion of $(1+x+x^2+x^3)^3$. The complete table is accordingly:—

Four Pool	Number of hits	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	Number of ways	1	3	6	10	12	12	10	6	3	1

Similarly in the case of the five pool, the total number of hits against the winner may be anything from 0 to 8, and these numbers may be made up in 81 different ways, the number of ways for any one of them being the coefficients of the corresponding power of x in the expansion of $(1+x+x^2)^4$. This gives the table—

Five Pool	Number of hits ..	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	Number of ways ..	1	4	10	16	19	16	10	4	1

Each number in the first table can be associated with each number in the second table, giving 81×64 different methods of compilation. If A is the winner of the four pool and B the winner of the five pool, then B scores a clear win in

$$3 \times 1 + 6(1+4) + 10(1+4+10) \text{ . . . cases out of } 81 \times 64.$$

that is in 2,592 cases out of 5,184.

A wins in 1,812 cases and there is a tie in 780 cases.

Thus Rapier should join the five pool, in which case he has an even chance of a clear win. The odds against Foyle obtaining a clear win are 3,372 *to* 1,812 *or* 281 *to* 151.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

ANSWERS TO TRINCULO'S CONUNDRUMS

I.

CAVENDISH

(="VEND I" in "CASH")

II.

STEWART

(="WAR" in "STET,"

i.e., "Let it stand" without).

III.

CAMPBELL

(="M.P. BE" within "CALL.")

TWO MORE CONUNDRUMS

(Honest, these are quite easy.)

I.

A feather wrap
Among the clues?
Or contest 'twixt
The rival Blues?

II.

Let's hire a boat
And off we'll sail—
You've torn your trousers
On a nail!

CALIBAN

The Fabian Society

Kingsway Hall LECTURES

Autumn, 1933

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, Holborn, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 19th, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "The Remaking of England, 1883 — 1933 — 1983." The dates, subjects and lectures arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 19th October. "CHANGES AND ANTICIPATIONS IN POLITICAL STRUCTURE."
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. G. LANSBURY, M.P.
   Lecturer: Mr. G. D. H. COLE.

2. Thursday, 26th October. "THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM AT THE CROSS ROADS."
   Chairman: PROFESSOR R. H. TAWNEY.
   Lecturer: MRS. BARBARA WOOTTON.

3. Thursday, 2nd November. "CHANGING SOCIAL STANDARDS."
   Chairman: MR. WALTER M. CITRINE.
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR C. DELISLE BURNS.

4. Thursday, 9th November. "THE MAKING OF PUBLIC OPINION."
   Chairman: PROFESSOR H. J. LASKI.
   Lecturer: MR. KINGSLEY MARTIN.

5. Thursday, 16th November. "THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD AFFAIRS."
   Chairman: THE LORD SNELL.
   Lecturer: MR. PHILIP NOEL BAKER.

6. Thursday, 23rd November. "THE POLITICS OF UNPOLITICAL ANIMALS."
   Chairman: MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.
   Lecturer: MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 9th, 1933, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls and front rows of gallery is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered upper gallery and back rows of stalls, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

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